

NOVEL SAND-CASTLE COMPETITIONS: See Pages 4 and 9.

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

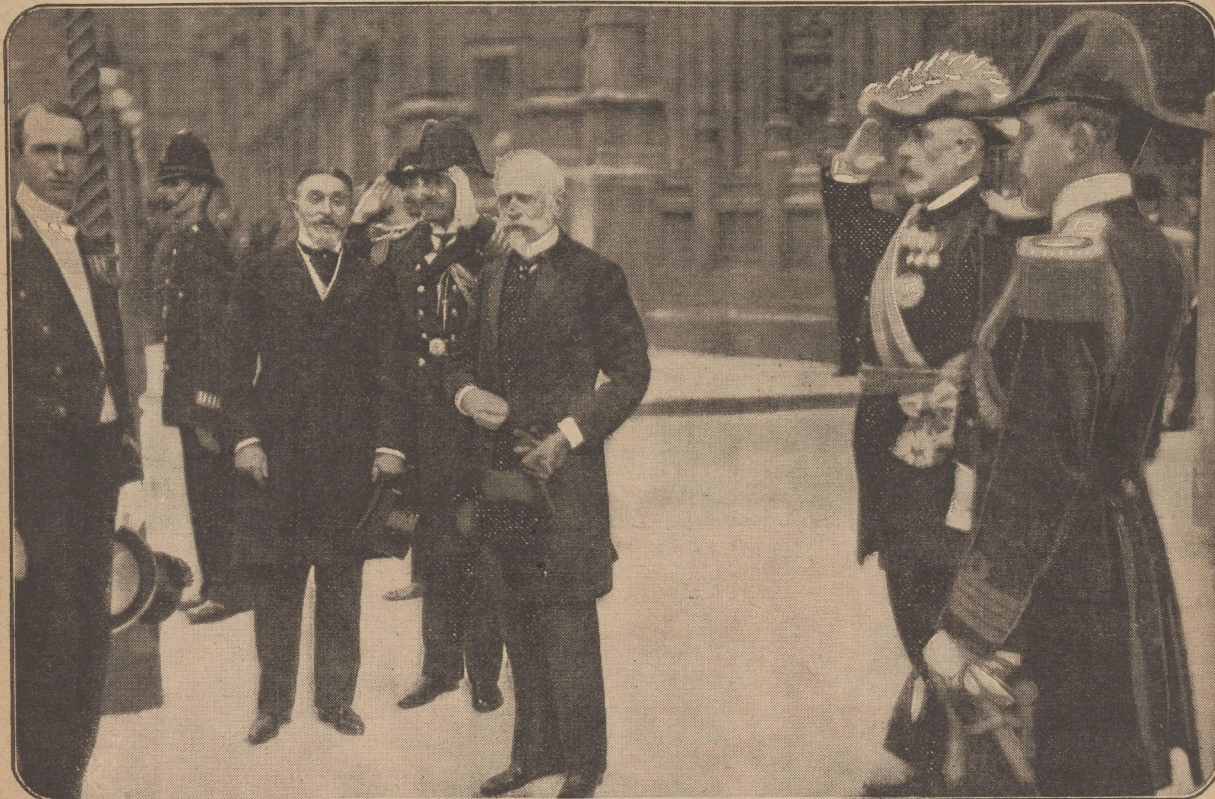
No. 556.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

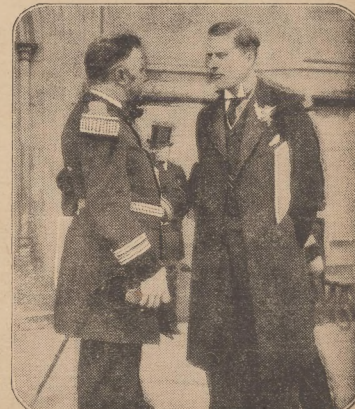
FRENCH OFFICERS AT WESTMINSTER ON SATURDAY.



Admiral Caillard (on the right) salutes the "Marseillaise," played on his arrival at the Houses of Parliament for Saturday's historic banquet. Standing next to the Admiral in the centre of the photograph is M. Paul Cambon, who, as the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was one of the principal guests of the Lords and Commons.



French officers being entertained at tea on the terrace of the Houses of Parliament after the great banquet given in their honour in Westminster Hall.



Mr. Austen Chamberlain chatting with a French officer on the terrace of the House.

'HONOUR THE NATION'S GUESTS.' "HURRAH FOR ENGLAND."

Splendid Pageant at the Westminster Hall Banquet.

CLIMAX OF THE VISIT.

Admiral Caillard's Message to the British People.

'MAY WE EVER BE UNITED.'

Scenes of Tremendous Enthusiasm Conclude the Week's Festivities.

MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH.

At the request of the *Daily Mirror* Admiral Caillard sends the following message to the English nation:—

Au nom de la nation française et de toute la flotte française je remercie le peuple anglais de la réception qu'il nous a faite. Puisse nous être toujours amis par les liens d'une sincère amitié, inspirée par une grande estime. L. CAILLARD. Masséna, Août, 1905.

A rough translation of Admiral Caillard's message is:—

In the name of the French nation and the whole French fleet, I thank the English people for the reception given us. May we ever be united by the bonds of sincere friendship inspired by a high esteem.

"A HARBINGER OF PEACE."

Historic Festival in a Historic and Magnificent Setting.

Amid scenes of regal splendour, absolutely outshining the magnificence of the State trial of Warren Hastings, the officers of the French fleet were on Saturday banqueted within the grey, historic walls of Westminster Hall.

The day's gathering, which came as the crowning honour of the French officers' visit to London, is expected to exercise far-reaching and beneficent effects.

"It is a harbinger of peace," said the Prime Minister in his remarkable speech at the luncheon, "of peace in the East, of peace in the West, and of peace all the world over."

Westminster Hall, which for the first time in history rang with the strains of the "Marseillaise," is thus restored to one of its primary uses as a state banqueting chamber.

THE ARRIVAL.

The guests came in a long stream of carriages from Victoria Station. There were mighty cheers from the dense banks of spectators who lined the route to Westminster.

As landau after landau rolled up to the Norman porch the sight of the gold-pauletted occupants—weather-beaten, bright-eyed, in many cases handsome—excited wild enthusiasm.

The band crashed forth its welcoming strains—"Vive la France!" "L'Entente Cordiale!" "Our good old King again!" "What fine fellows!" could be heard as the tide of cheering ebbed.

Admiral Caillard, a middle-aged officer, with blue eyes and beard of reddish-grey, followed by his men, slowly ascended the stairs to the Robing Gallery, the broad corridors aglow with colour and excitement.

An unbroken avenue of English legislators stretched from end to end of the Royal Gallery, whose cathedral windows and glorious paintings and crimson benches and tessellated flooring gave a tout ensemble of stately grandeur to the picture.

STRIKING SCENES.

In the dim perspective stood the Lord Chancellor in the majesty of his full-bottomed wig and gold-embroidered robes, the Speaker a towering figure of tranquil dignity, beside him.

In froun the Frenchmen slowly marched through the long lane of English members, a splash of blue and gold in a border of black.

The walls of the Royal Gallery are taken up with two magnificent paintings, "The Death of Nelson" and "Wellington at Waterloo."

"What a pity we haven't covered them over," said an Englishman as he recalled their bitter memories to once unhappy and defeated France.

The gallant Frenchmen passed them kindly by. When the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker had exchanged salutations with the visitors the procession slowly passed into the Gilded Chamber.

With much awe the Frenchmen gazed at the

Throne, the crimson woolsock, the gilt appointments, the glittering chandeliers.

Through the resounding corridors the procession swept to Westminster Hall, the thrilling music of "The Marseillaise" bursting forth as the Frenchmen stepped down the red-carpeted stairs to the Tables.

As the great hall quickly filled the magnificence of the scene became apparent. In the bright mid-day light the variety and brilliance of the uniforms presented a picture of restrained splendour.

In the deep shadows beneath the great stained glass windows sat a group of delicately-gowned ladies, and on either side of the central stairway another bank of ladies gazing at the wonderful scene before them.

Bouquets of the Maréchal Niel, with streamers of the French national colours, filled their hands.

COMPLIMENT OF LILIES.

Two long tables, with ten shorter ones running from side to side, stretched down the hall. Hundreds of vases of beautiful flowers adorned them.

Englishmen were sprays of lilies of the valley—a delicate compliment to beautiful France.

The signal for grace was given by a group of trumpeters stationed in a staircase behind the Speaker.

A moment later the hall resounded with the clatter of knives and forks and the buzz of "entente cordiale," but English statesmen seemed more gesticulative than novel!

There were a few toasts. The Lord Chancellor gave "The King." He spoke in French, and although there were one or two moments of hesitation he got through without notes. The Frenchmen rapturously clapped their hands.

The speech which roused the great assembly to enthusiasm was "Mr. Speaker's." It was full of happy phrasing. His clear, resonant voice was heard everywhere. Mr. Lowther is an excellent French scholar, but he spoke in English. He proposed "The President of the French Republic," "our nearest neighbour, foremost in literature and art, and one of the greatest pioneers of European civilisation."

"WITH ONE VOICE."

All eyes turned towards the Prime Minister as he rose to propose the "French Navy." "This is one of those occasions," he said, "when the nation speaks with but one voice," and the hearty cheers that greeted this statement came from eminent Liberals.

"It is a melancholy reflection," he resumed, "that since 800 years ago William the Conqueror built this hall the people on either side of the Channel have either continuously viewed each other with mutual suspicion or else have been engaged in active hostilities—few years indeed have been spent in warm co-operation and unclouded friendship."

"What the two nations have forgotten is the cause of their many differences. What they remember are the great deeds of heroism which has rendered both of them illustrious."

"I regard the present gathering as the harbinger of peace in the East, of peace in the West, and of peace all the world over; and I am confident, that no greater security for the greatest of all human good can be found than in the warm and perpetual friendship of two great neighbours."

A graceful speech from Admiral Caillard, a felicitous sentence from Admiral Peuch, and a somewhat exhaustively, scholarly oration from Mr. John Morley, and the grand banquet was over.

ON THE TERRACE.

In a wide stream the guests swept through the lobbies to the terrace for coffee and tea.

The scene was gay and kaleidoscopic. It was watched by thousands from Westminster Bridge.

The rich-budded dresses of lovely women mixed with the uniforms of the men. The river glistened in the sunshine. Sweet music floated softly in the air.

Frenchmen fraternised with English comrades. Ministers of State and the French Ambassador engaged in lively conversation. Peers of the realm gave friendly greetings to horny-handed Labour members.

The Speaker moved about the throng in Court dress, and talked French to the sailors.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, Major Evans-Gordon, and Sir Howard Vincent did the same. Sir Benjamin Stone took photographs.

And then, amid the roar of London's multitudes, the guests, with smiles and gestures of profound gratitude, rapidly drove away.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. David Christie Murray, the novelist, is reported to be making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

The Australian swimmer, Kieran, yesterday won at Stockholm for the second time the international one mile swimming race.

After being suspended for thirty hours, because of the bursting of a main, the water supply of Stoke-up-Trent and the other Potteries towns has been resumed.

Waves threw Mr. Duggan so heavily against the rocks that his neck was broken. The Lord's statement made at the inquest on a National School teacher, who was drowned whilst bathing at Church Bay, Ireland.

French Sailors' Affectionate and Grateful Greeting to Their Hosts.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Sunday.—I have just said "Good-bye" to Henri. He is very sad, as he most flatteringly said, as he took me down below to his mess-room and poured me out about the best part of a tumblerful of the red wine which they drink on board.

When the Victoria and Albert arrived, with the King on the bridge in naval uniform, and the Queen above taking snapshots of the French fleet, Henri's excitement was a thing to see.

"YOUR BEAUTIFUL QUEEN."

"Ah, your beautiful Queen has photographed. We are there, you and I—ze beautiful Queen's photograph. It is too splendid—I want no more," he literally shouted.

The reception of the English and French officers on board the royal yacht had no interest for him after that, and we went on to the sports.

My opinion of Henri at sports has gone up since his performance there. He won no races, but his triumph came in the consolation race. There were eight prizes and nine entries. Henri came in eighth; he was quite satisfied. I left him having ten and other things with an artillery cap upon his head, a paper Union Jack pinned to his chest, in company with three souvenir penny medals and a Victory cap ribbon tied round his arm.

Henri's good-byes yesterday were not for me only. He asked me to see that they were made public. "Say to the English people that the French people will never forget. We always thought that the English were cold and reserved. We are touched to the bottom of our hearts. England is a great country. The English people are a great people. Only a great people could have received us as we have been. Politicians cannot divide us now."

FRENCH GREETINGS.

By his own unaided work he insisted that a number of his friends should write messages to the English people for me. Here are some:—

L'accueil que nos amis les Anglais nous ont fait a dépassé nos espérances et nous regrettons profondément de ne pas pouvoir employer leur langue pour leur exprimer notre sincère amitié. Hurrah pour la bonne Angleterre! (Signé pour)

LES 2ME MAITRE MECANICIENS DE MASSENA.

The reception which our English friends have given us has gone beyond our hopes, and we deeply regret not being able to express our sincere friendship in their own language. Hurrah for good old England. (Signed for)

THE ENGINEER PETTY OFFICERS OF THE MASSENA.

Je suis charmé et enchanté de la réception que nous est fait. J'apprécie réellement le caractère Anglais et crie "Vive l'entente cordiale."

A. LAGANE, 1re Maître Mécanicien, Bouvines.

I am charmed and enchanted with the welcome we have had. I thoroughly appreciate the English character and cry "Long live the Entente Cordiale."

Engineer Warrant Officer, on the Bouvines.

Nous y attendons, mais l'accueil a surpassé nos espérances. Nous soignons pour porter à la grande Angleterre un salut cordial.

BRIENT, Midshipman, Admiral Aube.

Our reception has surpassed our expectations and even our hopes. We cordially salute great England.

Midshipman on the Admiral Aube.

Nous avons trouvé à Portsmouth un accueil surprenant qui nous a touché au fond du cœur. Vive l'Angleterre! Vive le Roi Edouard Sept! Vive la marine Anglaise!

E. MANAY,

Admiral Aube, 1re Maître Mécanicien.

Our treatment at Portsmouth has surprised us and deeply touched our hearts. Long live England! Long live King Edward VII! Long live the English Navy. (Signed for)

Engineer Warrant Officer on the Admiral Aube.

"But I have forgotten to tell one thing," said Henri, when I had received these. "I have and the bagpipes play the 'Marseillaise,' and it is never to be forgotten. If you will play it upon that magnificent instrument in Paris everyone will weep. I have wept for joy."

"I shall weep whenever I think of it." Then we parted, Henri to rearrange the souvenirs he is taking home—the mayor's cigarette-box, several flags, a number of medals, a *Doyle* *Mirror*, with a portrait of Admiral Caillard, several cap bands, and a long clay pipe—myself to receive the message from Admiral Caillard to the British people, which stands at the head of this article.

The official farewells at the Admiralty House will no doubt be interesting, but Henri's sincere and real enough for me. Had to cut it rather shorter than Henri wished. I like Henri immensely, but I cannot appreciate his embraces.

IMPERIAL BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

Great Celebrations in Honour of the Little Tsarevitch.

WAR VETERANS' GIFTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—To-day was the great day for which all Russia has been eagerly waiting. Alexei Nicolaievitch, the Tsar's son and heir, celebrated his first birthday. The war, and even the Peace Conference, were momentarily forgotten; it was Alexei's day, and his only.

From early morning till late at night messages of congratulation and costly gifts poured in upon the unconscious baby boy, whose large dark eyes hardly knew what to make of all this petting and fussing. That he is a real boy, as well as heir to the mightiest throne on the continent of Europe, was proved by his smashing the first present that was put into his tiny hands. The little clay nest, in which a hen sits on four eggs, all daintily coloured, given him by his sister, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, is now a brown ruin.

One of the earliest and finest presents to arrive was the gift sent by General Linievitch and the army of Manchuria. It consisted of an immense case of toy soldiers, representing every uniform and arm of the Tsar's legions now at the active service at the front. Cossacks, infantry and artillerymen, Hussars, Engineers, Red Cross corps, horses, guns, and wagons are all included in this splendid collection, carved out of wood and painted by the troops in the Far East. A suitable message accompanied this offering.

Even the poor prisoners of war had not forgotten the Tsar's heir. From Japan came a whole library of picture-books, with stories told in strange characters and wonderful coloured drawings executed by native artists.

IKONS OF GOLD AND GEMS.

The Russian cities presented the baby with costly ikons made of silver, silver-gilt, and enamel. Those from St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa were of solid gold and set with precious stones.

Father John of Cronstadt gave the child a sacred amulet, which will hang round his neck on a slender golden chain.

At Peterhof the day was one of rejoicing. As all the world knows, the Tsar, whatever his failings as an autocrat, is a model husband and father. Accompanied by the Tsaritsa, Nicholas's first visit on the birthday morning was to the night nursery, where the Imperial couple found their four little daughters already astir and impatient to begin the day's proceedings.

One by one the all saluted the baby heir, and he was then borne off to receive the gifts that had been prepared for him. The Tsar's snake, a dreadful-looking wooden serpent, jointed so as to wriggle in any direction, and made by Nicholas himself, was exhibited by the proud father, who keenly enjoyed his son's delight.

The Tsaritsa then presented a new dress for the child, every piece of which was the gift of a great own fair hands. This was Alexei's birthday-dress. His grandmother, the Dowager Empress, has made a little fur jacket for him, which he will wear in winter, and she has also sent a tiny sleigh, and a Shetland pony with a collar of jingling bells.

The four little Grand Duchesses, however, were the most excited members of the family. They all loud were Tatiana's cries when her brother smothered the clay model which had cost her so much toil. Olga and the two younger sisters were very careful that the baby hands should not injure their own fragile presents, which included a wonderful clay model of Peterhof Palace.

GRAND DUKE'S POEM.

Tatiana soon forgot her troubles, however, in the excitement of reciting a birthday poem, which the Grand Duke Constantine, who is the poet of the Imperial Family, had especially composed for the occasion.

In the Great Hall of the Palace the Imperial Family received the gifts and congratulations of the Court officials, beginning with the sentinel on guard outside the Tsar's apartments.

In accordance with ancient custom this common soldier kissed the Imperial infant and was himself kissed by the Tsar.

The afternoon was spent quietly en famille. As far as the children were concerned, the great event of the day was yet to come. Towards evening a huge birthday-cake was cut in the imperial apartments, and all the smaller boys and girls of the household were invited to a juvenile party given by the little Grand Duchesses.

The Tsar and Tsaritsa themselves saw to the welfare of their youthful guests, organising games, dances, and romps in the most hearty fashion. But the chief feature of a delightful evening was the display that had been arranged by a leading firm of St. Petersburg firework manufacturers.

When a portrait of the baby Tsarevitch, surrounded by "Long live to Alexei Nicolaievitch," all in golden flames burst on the darkness, the shrill cheers of the children could be heard far and wide.

It was four very weary little Grand Duchesses that went to bed on Saturday night.

PERILS OF HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

Exciting and Courageous Rescue of
a Drowning Lady.

NIGHT ON THE CLIFFS.

Holiday makers on the launch Queen of England witnessed an exciting scene at Windsor on Saturday.

The boat had just left for Windsor and with eighty passengers on board when a skiff, steered by a young lady and pulled by a young man, apparently not skilled in the use of the skiffs, got across her bows.

In spite of the efforts of the skipper of the launch to avert a collision the boat was overturned and its two occupants thrown into the water.

The man came to the surface and swam ashore, but the young lady with him was nowhere to be seen. As she did not reappear a man named Harris dived in to find her, followed by a man named Sinton.

Rescuer Caught Under Water.

Under the water Harris was clutched by the leg by the drowning girl, and got into difficulties. The mate of the launch put his foot over the side, and Harris managed to get hold of it. Then, seizing the girl, who fortunately retained her desperate hold upon him, he brought her to the surface.

The girl was then dragged into a boat, which had put out to the rescue, and taken to a house on the bank. The couple were sent home little the worse for their adventure, and the launch party subscribed for their rescuers, Harris and Sinton.

Another unpleasant holiday experience is reported from Scarborough.

It was the old story of attempting to walk from Scarborough to Filey on the sands. The task is practically impossible on account of the lofty cliffs, boards on which warn visitors not to attempt it.

A Mr. Ward, of Sheffield, on Friday attempted it. He left Scarborough at low tide, and expected that, if the rising tide did prevent further progress, he would be able to turn back.

After leaving Cayton Bay and having walked about four miles he found the sea rising rapidly.

He was compelled to climb the cliffs and cling to them to avoid being swept away. Wet through, he at last succeeded in scaling the cliff to a height just out of reach of the swirling waters, which had threatened every minute to engulf him.

He had to remain in this unpleasant position all night, to return to Cayton the next morning wet through and utterly exhausted.

GOOD GROUSE SEASON.

Best "Twelfth" on the Highland Moors for
Many Years.

From all over the kingdom come reports of excellent sport among the grouse, which are plentiful and in good condition.

In the Highlands "records" are expected, and there have not been so few wet moors for many years. Glorious weather prevailed in nearly all districts.

From Balmoral the usual consignment of birds has been sent to the King.

On Saturday no grouse from the moors were obtainable in London, although customers offered as much as 30s. a pair for the coveted birds. But the tame grouse industry is said to be a growing one, these birds simply having their necks wrung when the time for selling them comes.

CHICKENS ON THE ROOF.

Boy Conducts a Poultry Farm on the Top of
a "Sky-Scraper."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—Chicken-farming on the roof of a "sky-scraper" is the latest fad in New York.

High up on the top of the Ansonia, the highest apartment building in the world, 700 chickens of various sizes are being raised by a nine-year-old boy.

Mrs. Stokes, who owns this novel farm, is a relative of Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, who recently visited London with his Ghetto bride.

As soon as the chicks become too numerous in Master Stokes's roof-yard they are shipped to his mother's country place on Long Island.

QUARRYMAN'S UNLUCKY PURCHASE.

Having bought a muzzle-loading rifle from a friend, Andrew Bygate, a quarryman living near Gateshead, cleaned it and fired a cap to test it. Unhappily the gun proved to be loaded, and the charge entered the head of Mrs. Dixon, his mother-in-law, killing her.

RUSSIA'S REPLY.

Conflicting Views of the Prospects of the
Portsmouth Peace Conference.

Russia has handed in her reply to Japan's terms of peace, and the general impression is that it is couched in such a form of terms that further negotiations of a hopeful character may be expected.

It is understood that in the reply the Russians refused to discuss the question of the indemnity and the cession of Saghalien.

The argument against those points is based on the theory that Russia is not responsible for the war. The Russians accept the other items, but generally and conditionally.

At a long conference took place between the plenipotentiaries, and the proceedings are described as being of a moderately cordial character.

An Exchange Telegraph Company's message from Paris, however, states that there is little hope of peace, and a rupture of the negotiations is expected. The attitude of the Japanese envoys, he states, is such that he is astonished that they should insist upon secrecy with regard to the negotiations. On the other hand, a message to the "New York Herald" states that the fact that the conference is to be resumed is a more favourable sign, and it is evident that the Japanese have either modified their conditions or that a basis of negotiations has been reached.

THREAD OF LIFE.

Doctor Succeeds in Saving Life of a Woman
Whose Recovery Seemed Hopeless.

The story of how Dr. W. J. Kents, the medical superintendent of Camberwell Infirmary, saved the life of the wife of Frederick John Price, was told at Lambeth on Saturday, when Price was charged with attempting to murder his wife by cutting her throat.

The doctor said that when Mrs. Price was brought to the infirmary she was in such a condition that she would have died in two minutes if she had not been attended to.

He found a very severe wound on the left side of the throat running from just below the left ear to nearly the centre line of the neck and cutting through the important structures down to the carotid artery, which was laid bare. The two jugular veins had been cut through.

Mr. Francis remained prisoner for another week, refusing bail.

REVOLT OF LABOUR.

Bishop of Manchester's Special Prayer—Fresh
Dock and Mine Strikes.

Impending strikes and other signs of trouble between labour and capital are reported from many parts of the country.

The threatened strike in the Lancashire cotton trade is one of the most serious labour problems of the day, and the Bishop of Manchester recommended that a special prayer for the guidance of leaders of the employers and employed be used yesterday and next Sunday in all the churches of his diocese.

Two thousand men and boys employed at the Pemberton Colliery Company's pits near Wigan have gone on strike owing to a wages dispute. Fifteen hundred men of the Whitwick Colliery, Leicester, have decided to strike for a similar reason. The local miners' association has a capital of £30,000, and in the event of a strike every man will receive 10s. a week.

At Newcastle the executive of the Shipbuilders' and Boilermakers' Society have postponed their threatened strike for another week.

Notices have been posted at all the dry dock offices of Barry, Penarth, and Cardiff of a lock-out of all men belonging to the National Labourers' Association. Over 4,000 men are already out.

The Liverpool dock strike is spreading to Birkenhead.

IMPUDENT WITNESS.

Enters Court with a Pipe in His Mouth and
Astounds Coroner by His Insolence.

Surely no witness in a court of justice ever behaved with so much impudence as John Gray at the inquest at Poplar last Saturday on an Army pensioner named James Grant, who took poison in front of Gray's butcher's shop.

"It ain't alright," he said, swaggering into the witness-box with a pipe in his mouth. Then he swore. "You are most impertinent," said the coroner. "I will commit you to prison directly."

BISHOP AND TRAMWAYMEN.

After personally conducting a mission on Blackpool sands for a week the Bishop of Manchester yesterday morning addressed a large gathering of tramwaymen and cabmen at the Station Restaurant, where the mayor, Alderman Brodie, provided a free breakfast.

CITIES OF SAND.

"Daily Mirror's" Castle-Building
Competition at Margate a
Huge Success.

CHILD ARCHITECTS.

Five hundred children were kept busy at Margate on Saturday afternoon building sand castles for the *Daily Mirror* prizes, a huge crowd of grown-up folk taking a keen interest in the operations.

At two o'clock a long stretch of sand east of the pier lay neatly raked out into "pitches," and by five o'clock a city had sprung up.

There were castles, cathedrals, forts with soldiers on guard, gardens with flowers and grass-plots made of seaweed, and even a graveyard, all made of sand.

One clever little builder deftly shaped the interior of the drawing-room at Windsor Castle, with the King and Queen reading the *Daily Mirror*.

Children of all ages, from tiny tots of two and a half years, who made mud-pies, to youths of sixteen or seventeen, all worked with the same eager enthusiasm.

Wonderful Skill Displayed.

So great was the crowd of spectators that the "pitches" had to be roped off, while constables kept guard.

"Well, I never thought such work could be done with sand," was frequently remarked; "it's wonderful."

The scene was a most animated one. Here were five tiny labourers engaged in an ambitious work four feet square. Moat, fortifications, drawbridges, castellated towers—all swiftly completed with spades, hands, knives, and slips of wood.

There a cathedral with buttress and massive tower quickly assumed shape under the clever hands of two little girls, who gravely discussed Norman and Gothic styles of architecture.

As the time for judging drew near the excitement of the crowd knew no bounds. They passed up and down the lines, discussing eagerly the merits of each structure.

It was a difficult and delightful task that awaited the Deputy-Mayor of Margate, Mr. Hermitage, who had kindly consented to act as judge.

Giving the Prizes.

So excellent were the efforts of the children that the *Daily Mirror* awarded four extra prizes of 5s. each.

After a short speech expressing his surprise and delight at the result of the afternoon's labour, Mr. Hermitage thanked the *Daily Mirror* for offering the competition for the children and for adding to its first series of prizes.

The first prize (£2 2s.) was won by Jack Walker, 24, Crescent-road, Margate.

Second prize (£1 1s.), Florence and Jessie Hart, 9, Zion-place, Margate.

Third prize (10s. 6d.), John Rice, Radnor, Warwick-road, Cliftonville.

Four extra prizes went to Daisy Wren, Whitecliff, Margate; Alice and Dorothy Richards, Berkely Lodge, Margate; B. Hickman, Durnford House, Cliftonville; A. Bygrave, 13, Canterbury-road, Brixton.

To-day a similar competition will be held at Louisa Bay, Broadstairs, beginning at 2 p.m.

TO STUDY "YELLOW JACK."

British Scientists Attracted to America by the
Fever Epidemic.

Lord Montmorres and Professors Ross and Boyce, of the Tropical Research Institute, sailed from Liverpool on Saturday on the Campania for America. They are going, on behalf of the Colonial Office, to the yellow fever area of New Orleans to make investigations of the treatment of the disease.

They ridicule the statement that they are going out to assist the American doctors, and say they want to acquire information that may be useful in the event of a yellow fever epidemic in British Colonies.

Professor Ross, who discovered that mosquitoes carry malaria in West Africa, wishes to find out if the same propensity exists in American mosquitoes with regard to yellow fever.

DIARY WORTH £1,000.

For the third time this year a Letts's pocket-diary has earned £1,000 for the heirs of the victim of a railway accident.

Mr. Charles E. Hawkes, of Birkdale, who was killed in the Liverpool disaster, had, like his fellow-victim, Mr. Stanley Waugh, a diary of Charles Letts and Co. in his possession.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is staying at Hotel de Keynes, a charming nook in Sussex, was present at yesterday's church parade of the Brighton and local companies of the Church Lads' Brigade.

BANANA LUNCHEONS.

City Restaurants Suffer from the Growing
Popularity of the Fruit.

Banana luncheons have become so popular recently among clerks in the City that the restaurant keepers are complaining of a falling off in trade.

At lunchtime hundreds of young men are seen in the streets eating bananas in place of their ordinary noontide meals.

The vendors have been quick to recognise the food value of banana and now describe them as a "walk-around lunch."

Bananas are extremely nourishing and easily digested. In the tropics they form the staple diet of many men. But it is very doubtful whether two or three of them contain sufficient nourishment for the average man's midday meal.

They are undoubtedly ideal food for invalids. Many physicians are now recommending bananas as diet in cases of severe illness. The banana has a curative value in affections of the chest and digestive organs.

Many of the vendors in the City have regular customers, who lunch upon two or three.

But an Englishman who is working has as a rule been found to flourish on a more substantial diet.

INDIGNANT MATRONS.

L.C.C. Deprives Them of a Living Without
Giving Reasons.

"I have several children, and have been in practice in Wandsworth for twenty years. I'm respected, and the medical practitioners would give me a good character. What am I to do?"

This bitter complaint was addressed by one of two midwives to the magistrate at the South-Western Court on Saturday, where they were summoned by the London County Council for carrying on their business without certificates from the Central Midwifery Board.

These were the first cases under the new midwifery regulations. The defendants had been denied certificates by the board, who refused to state the reason.

The magistrate advised an appeal to the High Court as the only thing to do, but admitted this was a costly remedy.

Under the special circumstances he simply required defendants to pay the costs of the proceedings.

OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Youth Asks To Be Sent to Prison, Beyond
Temptation's Reach.

When Percy Palmer, a well-educated youth of twenty years, gave himself up for theft on Saturday he told a remarkable story of his life to the Tower Bridge magistrate.

"I hereby confess," said Palmer, "that through want and destitution I visited Waterloo Station on Tuesday afternoon, and seeing some luggage there, through sudden temptation, I stole part—namely, a mandoline and case, which I pledged in Great Dover-street for four shillings."

"For five years I was in the General Post Office, but through gambling I was discharged. Since then I have, regretfully, gone wrong. I give myself up with the view to the instrument being restored to its owner, and myself to be punished for the crime of which I am guilty."

The court missionary said prisoner was depressed owing to an impediment in his speech. In two months' time he would come of age, and would receive over £1,000, left in trust for him by his father. He wished to spend the intervening time in prison, so as to be out of the way of temptation.

He was bound over under the First Offenders' Act.

LOVE'S LAST RECOURSE.

Discarded Sweetheart's Frantic Farewell to
Hiz Faithless Lover.

When Edith Vandyk found that her lover, George Darsay, was courting another girl, she became desperate.

She lodged in his mother's house, and the other day the faithless one found this note on the tea-table: "George, by the time you read this I shall be dead. I can't stand this any longer. I shall die of a broken heart."

Rushing upstairs, Darsay found her hanging behind a bedroom door and promptly cut her down. At Thames Police Court on Saturday Edith declared she had only meant to frighten him, and, weeping bitterly, was remanded to the cells.

MILLIONAIRESS ONCE A SERVANT.

BOSTON, Saturday.—Mrs. Mary Bates was recently married to Captain Fitzroy, late commander of his Majesty's ship *Charlyddis*. Mrs. Bates was formerly courted in the Bates's household. At his death her husband left her £1,000,000.—Lafan.

30,000 MEN WANTED.

Harvesters for Canada Wheat Fields Being Recruited in England.

For men who will work and want a change of scene or occupation Canada will offer a splendid field during the next few weeks.

A wheat crop of 100,000,000 bushels in Western Canada is waiting to be harvested during the next two months, and at least 30,000 men are needed for the work.

It is impossible to obtain this number of extra hands in Canada, so efforts are being made to supply the deficiency from the surplus population of England.

On Saturday Mr. Preston, Emigration Commissioner for Canada, at 11 and 12, Charing-cross, told a representative of the *Daily Mirror* he expected that a large number of Londoners, probably over 1,000, would leave for a two months' trip to Canada within the next few days.

"But surely only men used to farmwork are of use in the harvest field?" he was asked.

"Any man in good health with a pair of arms, who is not afraid to use them can get work during the harvest—no matter whether he is an artisan, clerk, or shop assistant," was the reply.

"How much will it cost to get to the wheat belt?"

"The total fare will be £8 10s. 8d., and during the three days' railway journey harvesters have to buy their own food."

"I should say the wages will be at least 8s. a day and board, and they may be as high as £1 a day. After the harvest a number will be employed if they care to remain threshing the grain at the same rates."

"I expect a good many men will stay on, but those who wish to return can do so for £7 3s. 4d."

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

Over Twenty Motorists Captured by a Merstham Police "Trap."

The Reigate police had a motoring field-day in their police court on Saturday, when twenty-two motor-car drivers were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. The proceedings were the sequel to a police "trap" at Merstham during the motor-race week at Brighton.

In the case of Allen Gossell, in the employ of Captain Powell, of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the police said the car travelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

The driver did not stop when requested, and owing to the speed it was impossible to identify him. The case was dismissed.

Odo W. Payne was fined £10 and costs for driving to the danger of the public. A constable said the car travelled at such a rate that it nearly turned over to escape running down a baker's cart.

At Guildford, Fritz Goetze, of Chiswick-lane, London, was fined £20 and his licence was suspended for six months for motoring to the public danger at Witley. The chairman (Sir William Chance) remarked that it was motorists like defendant who brought motoring into disrepute.

NO LONGER A PAUPER.

Workhouse Inmate Inherits a Comfortable Annuity from Her American Mother.

An inmate of the Todmorden Workhouse has just taken her discharge because she has inherited what is to her a fortune.

The chairman of the Todmorden Guardians recently notified an advertisement for a woman named Warhurst in a Manchester paper that it reminded him that there was a woman of that name in the workhouse, he communicated with the advertiser, a lawyer in Massachusetts.

To everyone's surprise it was found that there was money awaiting Mrs. Elizabeth Warhurst, who had for some time past been in the workhouse with her child.

Mrs. Warhurst's mother, who died in America, had left some £3,000 between Mrs. Warhurst and her daughter who is living in America. Mrs. Warhurst has been left an annuity of £50 a year.

NINETY SPECIAL TRAINS.

All records in holiday traffic at Blackburn were broken on Saturday, when sixty thousand people left the town on their annual vacation.

Ninety special trains were run in addition to the ordinary service, and fully forty thousand people are expected to leave to-day.

DRENCHED IN THE CAUSE OF DUTY.

Not the least exciting incident at the City of London Police sports at the Crystal Palace on Saturday was the unexpected drenching Inspector Duke, the hon. secretary, received.

Busily engaged in superintending the aquatic events, he overbalanced himself and fell into the water, but beyond the inconvenience of wet clothes he was none the worse.

NO RESPITE FOR DEVEREUX.

Striking Letter in Which the Murderer Speaks of the Future of His Little Son Stanley.

Arthur Devereux must die to-morrow morning in Pentonville Gaol for the murder of his wife and twin children.

The Home Secretary on Saturday notified, with regret, to Mr. Pierron, the condemned man's solicitor, that he could not see his way clear to advise his Majesty to interfere with the course of the law.

A day or two ago Devereux received a somewhat remarkable letter from Mrs. Gregory, his mother-in-law, asking as to what should be done in the case of Devereux's little son, Stanley, the most pathetic figure in this terrible affair.

"Very soon," she wrote, "you know Stanley will be an orphan. He is staying with me, as he has done ever since he left school. But he cannot be kept at home always. He ought to be sent to a boarding-school, I think; be given a chance in life, so that he may succeed as you and Beatrice would have striven for."

For the Boy's Benefit.

"Will you send along that toothache cure recipe you discovered? I will put it in safe keeping for the boy's benefit. It will probably be of great assistance to him, for, as you know, the sales used to be very large."

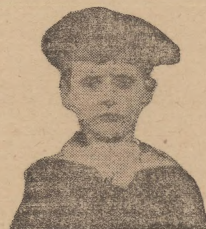
This letter has provoked the communication which the condemned man sent to his solicitor, and which is reproduced below. In many senses it is a remarkable document, and shows that Devereux is meeting his fate with courage.

When Devereux was informed of his end he looked up at his gaolers with those deep-set, tired eyes of his, and quietly remarked, "I hear." Then he sat down on his hard bed, buried his face, haggard and worn by weeks of mental torture, in his hands, and shut out the sight of these ominous harbingers of death.

Throughout his incarceration in the condemned cell this has been his attitude.

He has sat there in this silent, sunless chamber, which they give to men who have taken away a human life, oblivious to his warders, to his surroundings, his weary head drooped and hidden from gaze.

At times he would start up suddenly as though some awful thought had passed through his mind, and pace swiftly to and fro the little length of his cell. Presently relief would seem to come, for he



Stanley Devereux.

would sink back again on his plank couch, and again the gaunt, unshaven face would be pillowed on the lean, nervous hands.

He has spoken little; has neither sought conversation nor responded to it. When addressed he has not appeared to hear.

At times he has moaned and called on the name of his boy, "Stanley, Stanley," in low, piteous tones.

To the ministrations of the chaplain he has been attentive, but mechanically.

WRITTEN FROM THE CONDEMNED CELL.

Aug 11th 1905.

My dear Mrs. Pierron,

I have just heard from Mrs. Gregory to the effect that she is not in a position to keep Stanley any longer, and that she has received several offers from persons willing to adopt him.

I am very glad of this, and shall esteem it a great favour if you will kindly undertake to see that the best possible is done for him.

Mrs. G. is not a business person, and I prefer to leave everything in your hands, especially as I have always found you to have conducted my affairs in a very able and businesslike manner. Owing to my mode of life and the sharp practices which I continually made use of to secure situations and suppress my own women I can see that my case was hopeless when laid before a jury. I would say even more that as regards the death of my wife and twins (either or all) my hands were quite clean. I am totally innocent of blood.

I am not afraid to die, — I prefer death to imprisonment, and have nothing to worry about. I shall die happy. The son Stanley is provided for, by adoption, the better. Again thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

Arthur Devereux

Fac-simile reproduction of a letter written from Pentonville Prison by Arthur Devereux, who is now lying under sentence of death. In it he requests his solicitor, Mr. Pierron, to make arrangements concerning several offers received for the adoption of his son, Stanley.

GREAT ARCHITECT'S NAMESAKE.

"Christopher Wren" was the name of a Stepney infant on whom an inquest was held on Saturday. He was crushed against a wall, and was dead when his mother picked him up.

THIRTY YEARS A POLICEMAN.

Inspector Unsted, who has been in charge of the Spelthorne (Middlesex) Police Division for several years, retired on Saturday after thirty years' membership of the Metropolitan Force.

UNEMPLOYED ACTORS.

Worst Theatrical Season for Many Years Causes Great Distress.

A man in a shabby coat and a rusty hat stood on Saturday at the corner of Maiden-lane—the centre of the theatrical world. He was a comedian. But there was no humour in his eyes or in the lines of his face; in its place disappointment and the pinch of poverty were showing.

"I have done no work this year," he said. "Last year I was earning £5 a week, but now things are so bad that I believe there are more provincial actors and actresses out of a 'shop' than ever there were before. My wife used to sing in the chorus, and my daughter has played 'juvenile lead' in musical comedy, but neither of them is working."

"It is true that theatrical affairs are in a bad state in the provinces," said Mr. Ben Nathan, the well-known actor, who is now a player in a theatrical agency.

"I believe the lack of successful plays and the way in which touring companies are starved by their managers are the chief causes."

"Many managers have lately been employing untrained semi-amateurs, who will play for very low salaries. The provincial people, among whom the inhabitants of Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow are included, have too much sense to go and see such performances. So business is now very bad."

"The managers have themselves to blame. They should pay better wages and employ capable people. As it is hundreds of experienced actors and actresses are out of employment."

BARBAROUS WORKHOUSE.

Paralysed Hawker's Crusade Against Brutal Workhouse Officials.

"I am fighting for the class to which I belong. I demand justice."

"Hanky" Manning, a crippled hawker, of middle age, told the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday of his crusade on behalf of the crippled inmates of the workhouses. His headquarters are a back bedroom in Camberwell. His chief weapon is the Local Government Board orders for the control of workhouses, which, he claims, are totally ignored.

"I am fighting for the proper classification of pauper inmates," he said. "When I was in the Gordon Workhouse, Camberwell, thirty cripples were packed in a small shed. They had to sit in a cramped position for eight hours, picking oakum."

"Then they had to stand in a row in the yard for a quarter of an hour, in rain, or snow, or in frost."

"I have given proof to the guardians of brutal assaults by officials upon helpless and half-witted men, but I have merely been laughed at for my pains. Workhouse officials are autocrats."

CAMERA AS WITNESS.

Public Prosecutor Stays Proceedings Against Alleged German Spy at Sheerness.

On behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, Mr. Arthur Gill announced to the Sheerness magistrates on Saturday that it was not proposed to proceed further with the charge against Franz Heinrich Losel of photographing or attempting to photograph the new Ravelin battery.

Mr. Gill said the case had been reconsidered as a result of a search of Losel's premises where the photograph found showed that the camera was not directed on the new battery. Losel, however, was guilty of grave indiscretion in going on the property of the War Department with a camera, particularly as he was a foreign subject.

The magistrate agreed with Mr. Gill as to Losel's grave indiscretion, and said he considered the proceedings absolutely right and proper. The charge was then dismissed.

"ENTENTE GENEREUSE."

"I am a Frenchman. The English-welcomed my countrymen here, and I wish you to discharge prisoner, and let there be no stain on his character." So M. Emile Tombone remarked to the magistrate on Saturday at West Ham, when one of his shop-boys, Robert Lawrence, was charged with stealing from him 3s. and certain articles.

"The Bench appreciates your remarks," said the chairman. "Prisoner is discharged."

Another Shower of

£5 Notes.

SEE THIS WEEK'S

"ANSWERS."

DRAMA OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

The Sensational Story of the
Bonmartini Murder.

COUNTESS'S ROMANCE.

Now that the Bonmartini trial, the most sensational murder case that Italy has ever known, has been concluded it is possible to tell the full and dramatic history of the three persons principally concerned. They were Linda, Countess Bonmartini; Tullio Murri, her brother, who, through his passionate devotion to his sister, murdered her husband; and Carlo Secchi, her lover.

Count Bonmartini, it will be recalled, was found murdered in his palace at Bologna on September 2, 1902. For months previously he and his beautiful wife had been estranged. Ill-treatment on his part was alleged, and before her brother the Countess had expressed the wish that her husband were dead. A Dr. Naldi, a ruined gambler, and a Rosa Bonetti, a maid, were also implicated in the crime. To-day and during the week the *Daily Mirror* will, from special sources of information, tell the inward history of this terrible tragedy.

CHAPTER I.

Linda Murri's Girlhood.

It was a pleasant afternoon towards the end of October in the year 1889. In a high oak-panelled room of an old house in the Italian city of Bologna a girl was sitting at her needlework. As she worked she sang to herself an old folk-song.

Linda Murri was a girl of eighteen at the time. Professor Murri, her father, was one of the most celebrated oculists in Italy. His name stood foremost among the scientists of Bologna, that old-world city of learning, and his pupils were leaders in the school of advanced science.

The household was a happy one. Linda and Tullio, her brother, and passionately attached to his sister, a boy of fifteen, were the only children.

She finished her song, and with a sigh of relief laid aside her work. She glanced at the clock and turned towards the window. As she did so a foot-step sounded on the stairs without and the door opened.

The girl looked up quickly.

"Ah, Carlo," she said a little breathlessly to the man who stood in the doorway. "I wondered if you would keep your promise."

"I think not," replied the man quietly, as he crossed the room, "you knew perfectly well I should."

He bent over the girl and kissed her. "No, cara mia," he murmured, in his liquid Italian, "you did not wonder at all. You knew I would come."

Linda Murri closed her eyes, and a faint, fluttering sigh escaped from her lips. The man exercised a strange fascination over all women.

"Why should we wait, Carlo?" she whispered.

Then, suddenly, she drew herself away and held him at arms' length from her.

Tempted by Her Lover.

Carlo Secchi bent lower until his lips were close to hers. In this curiously, even musical voice he said slowly:—

"Ambition and fame, wealth and honour," and he paused with dramatic effect, "are nothing without you. That is why I have asked you not to wait until I am an old man before giving yourself to me. Come now, to-day, the Professor will soon forget his anger; he will soon forgive his daughter, and his favourite pupil. Let us leave Bologna to-night, Linda."

Linda Murri rose from her chair. As she stood, her face was on a level with Secchi's shoulder. She drew him down to her and almost solemnly kissed him. "I am ready when you wish," she whispered.

Secchi left the girl almost immediately. He would risk no drawing back. But he reckoned without Linda's intense love for her father.

As she bade him good-night, ten minutes before she had promised to meet Secchi, her heart failed her. She threw herself before the white-haired professor, and hysterically vowed she could not live without Secchi.

Under some pretext the professor sent for his assistant.

"What is this?" he said coldly. "You would induce Linda to leave home. Understand that you are not the man, clever though you may be, that I will have as my daughter's husband. If ever you come within this house, or seek to see or communicate with Linda, you will be expelled immediately from the faculty. Go!"

(To be continued.)

"HOW WE ARE BEING POISONED."

A Startling Exposure in the

"LONDON" MAGAZINE.

August Number Out To-morrow.

FINAL TEST MATCH

Between England and Australia Starts
at the Oval To-day.

In spite of the fact that England have already won the rubber and successfully guarded those famous "Ashes," much interest is being taken in to-day's match at the Oval. The present team picked out by the selection committee being the same as that which won at Manchester makes the contest more interesting than usual, and it is to be hoped that Australia will win the toss at last and have a fair share of the luck.

Every member of the combination is a tried player of great ability, and, bearing in mind the fact that a Test match team is not, or should not be, composed of eleven individual players, the side must be considered as near perfection as it is possible to get.

Again, the Australians have been doing so well lately that the present match promises to be a more even struggle than any of its predecessors. In Cotter, Laver, Armstrong, and McLeod the Australians have four really good bowlers, and Noble may be able to produce some of his old-time form for this match. Though the Australian batsmen have somewhat unaccountably never produced their best form in Test matches, it is quite certain that they have the ability to run up a colossal score against any bowling. In fact, should they win the toss on a good wicket, they ought to run little risk of undergoing a third defeat.

The following will play for England:—F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, C. B. Fry, R. H. Spooner, W. Brearley, Hayward, Hirst, Rhodes, Lilley, Tyldesley, and Arnold.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Salmon fishing on the Northumberland coast is this season beating all records for the last seventeen years, some boats' crews of three dividing as much as £50 as the result of a week's work.

Mr. Leigh Clare, M.P. for the Eccles Division, has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Mrs. Elizabeth Eames, of Cotley, Chardstock, Devon, who died in May last, left estate of the gross value of £181,385.

Three sisters, whose combined ages amount to 272 years, reside at Stainland, near Halifax. The eldest is ninety-eight, the second ninety-two, and the youngest eighty-two.

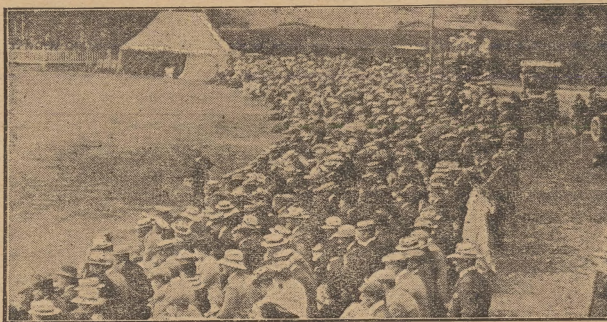
Mounted and foot police were called upon to charge with their batons the Nationalists who were celebrating the relief of Londonderry in that city on Saturday. Several people were injured.

Whilst working on the roof of his shop on Saturday, Mr. Laidlaw, a Newcastle chemist, fell into the street, striking a man named Robinson who was passing, and bringing him also to the ground. Neither was severely hurt.

Spotted fever has broken out at an isolated farmhouse at Grafton Underwood, near Kettering, occupied by a family named Ellis. Two boys and a girl have been attacked, and the condition of the latter is still serious.

Sir Henry Pilkington, engineer-in-chief of the Naval Works Department, who has superintended all the more important schemes of dockyard extension recently carried out, is about to retire after thirty-six years' public service.

CANTERBURY'S CRICKET FESTIVAL.



The Canterbury cricket week came to a successful conclusion on Saturday. The Canterbury week is an important social function, and the ladies honoured it by donning the gayest of summer costumes. Our photograph shows a section of the crowd on the cricket ground.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

More Letters Based on Personal Experiences
of the Unseen.

I have read with interest the letters you published on Saturday—[We have received many more like them.—Ed. D.M.]—and I am grateful to you for giving up your space to this very important subject. But none of your correspondents give me what I asked for—actual experiences at first-hand of the existence of spirits.

They recommend me to read books. I have read them. They urge me to put myself into the right frame of mind. I have been trying to do so for years.

What I want now is evidence—the calm testimony of credible witnesses to the effect that they themselves have had actual experience of the supernatural.

THOMAS DUBITANS.

Such men as Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and many others too numerous to mention, do not base their belief on what others have told them. This would not do for a scientist. They have investigated and proved that it is a fact that we live after death. I for one have no doubts whatever.

Geo. W. SPRIGGS.

Tadcaster, Yorks.

If people would but read their Bible they would see that the spirits of man cannot return or communicate with the living, as deluded Spiritualists think they do.

It is written, "The spirit shall return to God, who gave it." It can know nothing that takes place under the sun. Therefore the communications that come through wood tables are absolutely from demons personating the dead.

Spiritualism is a soul-destroying and devil's doctrine, and makes a total wreck of many of its victims, as it is Christless and Godless.

T. TURNER (Ex-Spiritualist).

23, Stirling-road.

Bequests ranging from £100 to £200 were left to his servants by Mr. Robert Henty, of Abbots Langley, Herts, who died worth £131,531.

Ninety-four rabbits and two hares found in a hansom cab in which two Castleford miners were driving led to the conviction of the men for poaching at Pontefract on Saturday.

Lord Londonderry, President of the Board of Agriculture, has appointed Mr. A. B. Skinner director of the Art Museum at South Kensington, to succeed Sir Caspar Pardon Clarke, who has accepted a post in New York.

Mr. Henry V. Gambier, of Albany-road, Camberwell, writes to say that he is no way connected with the Henry Gambier reported in Wednesday's *Daily Mirror* as having been remanded at Bow-street on a charge of theft.

Mr. G. L. Courthouse, of Hawkhurst, a well-known resident of the constituency, was, at Hastings, on Saturday, adopted as Conservative candidate for the Rye Division of Sussex, in room of the Hon. T. A. Brassey.

Owing to the bursting of a principal main the whole of the Newmarket-under-Lyme district and parts of the Potteries were deprived of their water supply on Saturday. Rain-water had to be used yesterday for drinking purposes.

Several old collieries in the Mold district of Flintshire which have not been worked for years have been purchased by a North of England firm, and mining operations are to be commenced immediately, starting with the Bromfield Colliery.

Consent (Durham) has been invaded by rats, who have found their way into the town from the old iron-stone workings which run below it. They are so bold that as many as twenty have been counted in one shop window after dark. All remedies to rid the town of their presence have, hitherto, failed.

New steam motor-trains, built at Crewe, and intended for short-distance traffic in the neighbourhood of London, Manchester, Chester, and Liverpool, have just been placed on the rails by the London and North-Western Railway Company. These will be sandwiched between the present long distance and heavy trains.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Cromer—More
Prize Winners.

Four residents or visitors at Cromer may be made the richer by half a guinea if they recognise their portraits in the photograph reproduced on page 11.

The group taken at Hastings we are unable to print to-day owing to an accident to the plate, but it shall be inserted to-morrow, with another group from Lowestoft.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. If you are one of the four persons we have selected half a guinea will be forwarded to you.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final. To-morrow eight half-guineas go to

LOWESTOFT AND HASTINGS.

Photographs of holiday crowds at these places will be published, and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group at Lowestoft and four at Hastings.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at most of the big seaside resorts, including:—

Aberystwyth.	Filley.	Southsea.
Bournemouth.	Fleetwood.	Southold.
Brighton.	Ilfracombe.	St. Anne's.
Clacton.	Morcambe.	Weston.
Eastbourne.	Robl.	super-Mare.
Felixstowe.	Southport.	Worthing.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competitions at Skegness and Dover, are as follows:—

SKEGNESS.

Master Albert Forester, Smith, Forest View, Gregory Boulevard, Nottingham.
Mr. G. Adams, 24, Penton-place, King's Cross-road, London.
Miss Madge M. Sawyer, 5, Holy Bones, Leicester.
Miss Daisy Ward, c/o. Miss Smith, Scarborough-avenue, Skegness.

DOVER.

Mr. E. L. Bowles, 10, Alma-terrace, Maison Dieu-road, Dover.
Mr. George Canham, 14, Balfour-road, Dover.
Miss Edith Allen, 6, Chapel-court, Snargate-street, Dover.
Miss Alma Garden, 12, Winchelsea-street, Folkestone-road, Dover.

ANOTHER BOOM PROMISED.

The Latest Stock Exchange Rumour Is That
Argentine Land Values Will Rise.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—The Stock Markets had one or two little things against them and showed up well in the circumstances. There was the detail that it was a fine Saturday and the middle of the holiday season, just before Monday's general carry-over. That was enough to kill most markets.

There was a little peace uncertainty, and there was the fact that the Paris Bourse, closed for a religious feast on Tuesday, is taking an extra day's holiday on Monday.

Recent market favourite sections are well to the fore. Copper shares hold their own on the great strength of the metal. Investors continue to buy all Foreign Rails, while neglecting the Home Railway market.

The gilt-edged group still talks favourably of good money prospects. The London and North-Western seems to have put heart into Canadian Rails, and had certainly started the Canadian land section going, Hudson's Bays, Canada North-West Lands, Calgary, and Edmonton, and others all being firm.

In the Argentine group the dealers say that when the big operators come back from their holidays there is to be an Argentine land "boom." It remains to be seen.

Consols were bid for at 90½. Home Rails were dull, as usual. The American market was kept on the move—upwards, of course—and the Foreign Railway "boom" continues.

Kaffirs are all anyhow. Pigg's Peaks were raised aloft on the discovery of an ore body, but the passing of the Wenner dividend knocked spots into Wenmers at 2½, and the Durban Deep new capital is a reminder of other evils to come.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPERIAL STOCK AND SHARE EXCHANGE (Circular): Certainly we do not advise dealing with the concern mentioned.

DONT FAIL

TO GET

'The Daily Report'

On Sale Everywhere.

IT WILL PAY YOU.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
12, WHITEFRIARS STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1905.

PEACE OR MORE WAR?

WHAT do the Peace Negotiations mean to you and me? Possibly we are interested in them: possibly not. We glance at breakfast-time down the column devoted to them and say, "H'm! Doesn't look much like peace yet." How many of us realise what actually hangs upon the upshot of the quiet conversations between these bland gentlemen, with their mask-like faces, sitting round a table in an American hotel?

Down in Manchuria there are two enormous masses of men ranged opposite one another waiting for the word to begin killing. There are nearly a million of them altogether. More people than there are in the whole of Liverpool. Nearly twice as many as the City of Manchester holds.

They know what to expect if fighting starts again. Most of them have had experience of it already. They have seen their comrades blown to pieces, mutilated by bullet or bayonet, lying dead in heaps in twisted attitudes of agony. Any day they may be in a like case. Any day the ground may be littered again with dead and dying. It depends upon the result of those quiet conversations at Portsmouth, U.S.A.

Away over seas in Japan and away across thousands of versts of land in Russia every one of these million of men has somebody belonging to him, thinking of him, wondering—perhaps with a dull torment, perhaps in an agony of fear—whether he will ever come back. The mask-like faces hold his fate in those carefully tended hands of theirs, which they wave with a gentle air of deprecation as the conversations proceed.

Think, too, of those who are paying for the war, pinching and scraping for their country. Think of the traders who gloomily see their means of livelihood slipping away through the war. Give a thought to the peaceable inhabitants of Manchuria. To all of these the result of the conference matters a very great deal.

If you thought of these things yesterday you must have put a fervent meaning into the clause of the Litany, which prays—"That it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord." You must be regarding the negotiations not as a mere dull event a long way off, but as having a very vivid, human interest, and affecting the lives and happiness of millions of our fellow creatures.

H. H. F.

IS THERE A SPIRIT-WORLD?

The letter we published from a Cambridge correspondent asking whether any of our readers could furnish him with personal experience of the spirit world has had a remarkable result.

Letters have been coming in by every post during the last few days from people who are convinced that there is a spirit world, yet scarcely one of them can offer any individual testimony of its existence.

This is the attitude of mind of most people nowadays. They are persuaded that the endless stories about ghosts and second-sight and crystal-gazing and so on must (some of them, at any rate) be true. But they always base their belief upon other people's experiences.

So far no serious appeal has been made for records of what has been seen or heard or felt by the few who can speak of supernatural happenings at first-hand. Our correspondent—a responsible man of science and an earnest seeker for Truth—makes this appeal now, and the *Daily Mirror* reinforces it.

It is of enormous importance to us all to know if the spirits of the dead can communicate with the living. If this were proved, it would alter many people's conception of the universe and view of life altogether. All who can contribute to the clearing-up of doubt ought to regard it as a duty and a privilege to do so.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.
(Every fool can find a greater fool to admire him.)
—French Proverb.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

VERY little grouse shooting began on Saturday, and for various causes many of the big shoots will be postponed this week. The birds are said to be excellent over the Bolton Abbey estate. At Studley Royal also Lord de Grey, who will manage the shooting for his father, Lord Ripon, has excellent accounts to give. The Prince of Wales is expected to shoot at both these places. His Royal Highness is now considered, by the way, as one of the finest shots in England.

The bags from the moors near Studley Royal are nearly always the record bags of each year. Lord Ripon himself is hampered in his shooting by his weak sight, and he has to carry a special kind of eye-glasses, which are fixed to his cap. Apart from the excellent shooting Studley is a delightful place for a holiday. Its most original feature is Lord Ripon's model dairy, the produce of which is generally disposed of at Leeds. You may see the neat carts carrying it from the grounds, all of them marked with the sign, "The most noble the Marquis of Ripon."

Lord de Grey still keeps his supremacy over every other shot in England, and very few people

An original prize is that designed for the winner in the motor-car competitions which started near Munich on Saturday—he is to have his portrait painted by Professor Hubert von Herkomer. Professor Herkomer himself offered to provide this stimulus to the contest, for he takes almost an affectionate interest in motoring. During a period of weak health, a year or so ago, when he could scarcely walk at all, he found that motoring more than anything else was the means of bringing him back to health. He is, moreover, with Maurice Maeterlinck, one of the few people who consider motor-cars beautiful.

Professor Herkomer had an even harder struggle for fame than most painters. His first success was his "Chelsea Pensioners in Church," and this he painted under the stress of domestic sorrow, narrow means, and against the advice of many of his friends. When he sent it in to the Academy he had little hope that it would be accepted. Five days of miserably anxious waiting passed. Then came a letter from Lord Leighton commending his picture in the warmest terms.

Each of Professor Herkomer's portraits has its own tale of joy or sorrow to tell. The well-known profile of Wagner, for instance, was painted from memory, and in the bit-

Clare," said the Judge when he had wiped the tears from his eyes, "ask what she doesn't know." "Very well, my Lord." "Kindly tell the Court what you don't know, now, Mrs. Kershaw?" "Weel," replied the lady unabashed, "Aw don't know as th' investment ever paid anything in t' pound!"

The Sultan of Johore, who is at present paying London a visit, has been in England several times before. He travels quietly, generally incognito, and enjoys his globe-trotting all the better. Famous as a fine shot and as a horseman, the Sultan paid a visit to Australia a few years ago, with the purpose of buying some racchuses. An awkward mistake rather destroyed the pleasure he might have taken in the visit. The Customs officer informed him when he arrived at Fremantle from India, that he was an Asiatic, and, in consequence, a prohibited immigrant. He, therefore, could not land in Australia.

The Sultan's Equerry reported this Euclyidian demonstration to him, whereupon his Highness remarked: "Very well, I won't buy any more horses in this beastly country," and was about to depart in anger when a permission for him to go on shore arrived, in contradiction of the orders of the red-tape-bound Customs officer. Other annoyances awaited him after this. A Melbourne artist, who alleged that the Sultan had commissioned him to draw up an illuminated pedigree for one of his horses, sued the unfortunate traveller. Finally, his steamer ran into Goat Island on the way back, and he had to return to Australia for a few days. "The Government," the Sultan is reported to have said, "would not let me in, and now Fate will not let me out of this country."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

HOW TO DISPOSE OF WASPS.

Nearly thirty years ago, when fishing with wasp grub for bait, I discovered that cyanide of potassium, rightly applied, was the most effectual agent for destroying wasps in the nest.

Here is my process.—Ask your chemist for a stick of cyanide of potassium, and get him to put it into a small bottle.

Then cut the stick into small pieces the size of an ordinary garden pea and return them to the bottle. Each piece is sufficient to destroy a nest.

About 4 p.m. go quietly to the wasps' nest and put one piece into the hole where the wasps enter the ground. That is all.

Leave the nest till next morning, when it may be dug out without danger, and the cakes sold to the fishing-tackle shops.

SAMUEL WILKINSON.

Arnold, Notts.

SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

As a riding-master for many years I held, amongst other appointments, the post of instructor to a ladies' physical training college.

My experience is that practically all ladies who have ridden astride prefer that method to the side-saddle, but ride in the latter fashion because it is the more usual.

It may interest "Colonial" and others of your readers to know that quite a number of ladies who send their daughters to my riding-school are having them taught to ride astride.

It would seem, therefore, that this method is to become popular.

RIDING-MASTER.

HOURS OF RAILWAY MEN.

I note with great interest in your paper that someone has at last noticed how hard the employees of railway companies are worked.

In many instances, there is only one man in a signal-box. Suppose he should suddenly have a fit or a mental breakdown! What would be the result? Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of people might be killed.

Yet these poor men have to work from ten to fourteen hours right off without a break except, perhaps, about half an hour for meals.

VIRIAN WOOD.

6, King's-road, Kingston-on-Thames.

BARBARIC EARRINGS.

I was sorry to see in your interesting paper several portraits of handsome women whose ears were disfigured by long pendants reaching almost to the shoulder.

Can this fashion be defended by civilised women? Howth.

WM. BROWNING.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 12.—This is a season of hopes and fears. Each storm that visits the garden seems to herald the approach of flowerless days; but when the sun returns we find a blaze of flowers around us, and the coming of autumn is for a while forgotten. Yet the majority of Flora's beautiful gifts—dead or fading—strew the pathway the year has already

Late sunflowers and gladioli, Michaelmas daisies, rudbeckia, and several other beautiful plants are still things of the future. But we are not longing for their advent. Our prayer is that each flower in to-day's garden is "Stay!"

E. F. T.

"VIVE LE ROSBIF!"



Result of the feasting of the past week at Portsmouth and in London. * The French crews go home (according to our artist) bearing with them evidence not to be mistaken of British hospitality.

even come any way near him. However, during the last few years the Prince of Wales, as I said, has come very much to the front, and now scarcely ever misses a bird. He greatly distinguished himself when staying with Lord Ardilaun in Ireland, his skill rousing quite an enthusiasm amongst those who saw him.

Mr. Harry Stonor is another excellent shot, and is invariably invited to all the principal shoots throughout the autumn and winter. He practically lives all the year round in training for shooting, and his nerve is of the steadiest. Mr. Rimington Wilson, who has such fine moors, is another man credited with much success amongst the birds. Lord Chelsea, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, and Lord Brackley are also famous for their shooting.

Lord and Lady Londesborough will not have nearly so big a party staying with them for the Scarborough cricket week as they did last year, as the theatricals, which take place at the end of August or the beginning of September, require a much smaller caste, the play selected being "Brother Officers," in which the author, Mr. Leo Trevor, and Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes will take part. The Londesborough Theatre is to be the scene of the performance, which will certainly be a great improvement on the Hippodrome, where last year such a capital entertainment took place in aid of Lady Londesborough's local charities.

terest disappointment, for when Wagner came to England (after promising Herkomer some sittings) he was appropriated by another, and at that time more influential, artist, who monopolised all his time. The most unsatisfactory sitter, no doubt, was Tennyson, who could scarcely keep still for an instant. One day the poet, after having informed Herkomer in the blindest terms that he loathed sitting for his portrait, hated portraits, and could not abide painters, withdrew to bed in the sulks. Herkomer was dolefully putting his brushes away when suddenly Tennyson's head appeared in the doorway. "I believe you are honest," he said in a grumpy voice. "Good night!" The incident reminds one of Hamlet's unpleasantly eccentric conduct with Ophelia.

Mr. Octavius Leigh Leigh-Clare, M.P., for the Eccles Division of Lancashire, who has just been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine, tells a good story against himself of the days when he was a struggling barrister. He was cross-examining a stout Lancashire woman whose accent betrayed her Lancashire birth. Feeling very nervous, Mr. Leigh-Clare assumed an air of nonchalance. "I suppose, Mrs. Kershaw, you have come here to tell the Court all you know and all you don't know about this case?" "Aw 'ave, sir," "Then will you kindly tell the Court what you do know?" "Aw know as it broke thy feyther to make thee a barrister!" "Ask her, Mr. Leigh-

PEACE ENVOYS SNAPSHOTTED.



Excellent snapshot portraits of Baron Komura, the chief representative of Japan (on the left), with Mr. Sato, his secretary, and M. Witte, the Russian plenipotentiary (on the right). Baron Komura has presented the claims of Japan, and has received a reply from M. Witte. No official announcement of the terms proposed by Japan has yet been made, but it is feared they are such that an agreement between the contending nations will be impossible.

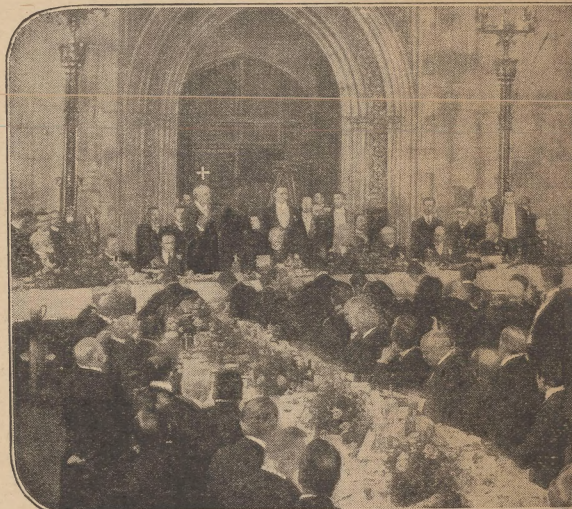
SATURDAY'S REGATTA AT THAMES DITTON.



Delightful weather favoured the Hampton Court and Ditton Regatta on Saturday, and there was a great gathering of river craft for the occasion. The upper photograph was taken on the course during an interval in the racing, and the lower one shows the winning pair in the junior double sculls race.



Bluejackets of the Excellent formed into a living motto



Scene in Westminster Hall as Mr. Balfour was proposing the toast of "The Navy" at the great banquet given on Saturday to the officers of the French Navy Squadron now at Portsmouth.



Celebrating the "entente cordiale" at Portsmouth. The French and British bluejackets got on admirably together despite their ignorance of each other's language,



Photographed on the river minister Hall on Saturday. and on the left is Vice-Ad



Captain Hamilton chatting with one of the French officers at the London Fire Brigade display on Saturday.



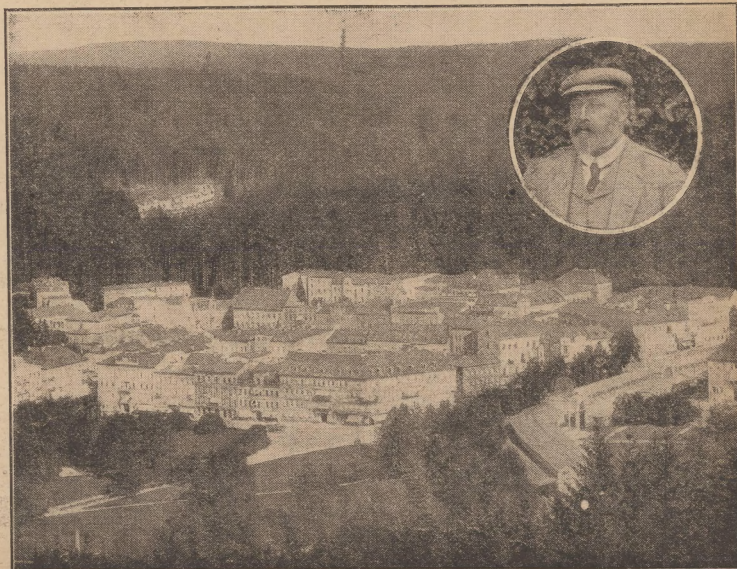
Warrant-officers from the Arundel Castle, the magistrates, and villagers, and were deli

OUR SAND CASTLE COMPETITION.



The *Daily Mirror* sand castle competitions just held at Ramsgate and Margate created nothing less than a sensation in each of the seaside towns. Hundreds of remarkable edifices of sand were constructed, and thousands of visitors assembled to watch them being built. The fine battlemented fortress in photograph No. 1 won the first prize at Ramsgate, and No. 2 shows the winning castle at Margate. No. 3 gives a good idea of a castle built to represent an interior at Windsor Castle, with the King and Queen reading the *Daily Mirror*, and in No. 4 appears a corner of the castle-building area at Margate. Full description on page 4.

MARIENBAD AND ITS ROYAL VISITOR.



King Edward leaves Port Victoria at noon to-day for Flushing on his way to Marienbad. While staying there his Majesty is to receive a visit from the aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.



A large number of French bluejackets had a good time ashore at Portsmouth. Our photograph shows one of the French Tars with his British partner in a skipping competition.



Members of the Houses of Parliament after the banquet to French officers at West-
the centre of the group is M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London,
J. Caillard, commanding the French squadron. Rear-Admiral Peuch, second
in command, is on the right.



British and French fleets at Portsmouth arriving at Arundel on Saturday to visit
seat of the Duke of Norfolk. They received a hearty reception from the
the their trip, as may be gathered from their expressions in the photograph.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH. *The Great Channel Swim*

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallence, whose whole being was wrapped around with the rosy mist of love's young dream? As the Honourable Mrs. Dangerville she would have to put her hands to plough and work with her husband to make themselves a home—as the Viscountess Blaquart de Balliol, which in all human probability she would become, she would never be able to take her right place in the world. But what would it matter. They would be together; there was nothing beyond that.

Lord Blaquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blaquart de Balliol, was crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich. He was known in the City as "The Hog," and hated by all for his insatiable and brutal manners. Physically he was an enormous man, heavily built, a huge unsightly mass of flesh. His face was disagreeable, coarse, and unapproachably vulgar. He gave no hint of the control of more financial enterprises than any other man of his day.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blaquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and ruined, to accept at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

Through the financier sent invitation after invitation to Lord Blaquart, the latter continually made excuses and could not bend his pride to visit the parvenu who owned the old home of his family.

But Swindover had Lord Blaquart, who was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blaquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blaquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the financier called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blaquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and continued to ruin him.

Lord Blaquart turned to go, but the ugly voice followed him.

"I have a proposal to make, my lord."

"What is it?"

"I will free you from all liabilities," said Swindover in sharp, staccato tones. "I will make you a rich man for life. I will give your son back Balliol Castle and two million pounds sterling—if you will arrange a marriage between him and my daughter, Fay."

A few, here, cry answered him. The old man's eyes flashed.

At last Blaquart de Balliol was standing before him.

"I give you my answer," he said. "You can make me bankrupt; you can drive me into the gutter; you can strip my hands from life to see my family allied with—"

He paused, but there was no word for him in his mind.

He gave the millionaire one glance up and down, taking in the huge form, the fatty, coarse, repulsive face, that had turned a sickly grey in his mind.

He gave a glance of defiance and royal scorn. Then he turned on his heel and left the room.

When Lord Blaquart told his son of Swindover's proposal the young man laughed the idea to scorn.

The financier sent a note to Lord Blaquart saying that he would give him eight days to consider his decision.

He waited, but received no answer, and his next step was to call upon Sabra Vallence.

CHAPTER VI.

"The idea of self-sacrifice is nearest the surface in a woman's brain."

"Mr. Swindover wants to see me," repeated Sabra. Her voice struggled between indignation and incredulity.

"What could the man want with me? He has no right to wish to force his presence on her against her will."

"E said, miss," the maid replied, "that it was most important 'e should see you. 'E kept 'is carriage waiting outside for about 'alf an hour, miss," she added in a hushed whisper. "My, it's like a fairy coach, miss, and all the children in the neighbourhood are staring at it! Then 'e went out, did Mr. Swindover, an' told the coachman to drive up an' down through the streets. An' I 'eard 'im say with my own ears, miss, that the 'orses cost two thousand guineas and musn't be kept standin' any longer."

Sabra paid no heed to these princely descriptions. The idea that Swindover was at that moment in her uncle's house revolted her. After what she had just heard, just seen, at Dangerville Hall, she looked upon the man, not only with scornful and impersonal disgust, but as the very incarnation of evil. Her first impulse was to slip upstairs and leave him to wait until he grew tired, or until Canon Vallence returned. But, outside the study door, she hesitated.

What could he want? No doubt he had come with some new scheme that was to benefit the poor, or embellish the church, and advertise himself. He gave the Canon no peace. His monumental and ostentatious charities would have papered the whole parish and turned the slums into a miniature Paris, if the Canon had taken him at his word. He fastened himself upon the unfortunate gentleman like a great box constrictor, no doubt because Canon Vallence was the only person of impeccable birth and breeding who, by the nature of his calling, could not flatly refuse to know him.

But, if he had come on one of his usual errands, why did he want to see her? Sabra felt a strange, compelling influence: it decided to her feet and dragged her towards the study door. Afterwards, she knew that it was Fate. She grasped the handle

once; then drew back; but the intangible compulsion was stronger than her will. This time she opened the door firmly, and went in.

Swindover seemed to fill the shabby room, with its faded charm, its quiet air of scholarship and peace, himself the most incongruous occupant one could imagine.

He was busy with a notebook and a massive gold pencil, when the door opened. He started to his feet, and his huge ungainly body made a grotesque caricature of a bow. The daylight added to his unattractiveness. His fleshy face showed more clearly its livid, unwholesome hue; his clothes, chosen according to his fancy, instead of according to unalterable convention, were positively terrible; the large light checks struck one like a blow, the mass of jewellery was more dazzling, the diamonds on his fat hands blazed more aggressively. Sabra had never seen him so close. In church, from her seat near the organ, he merely looked huge and vulgar; when he opened wards of hospitals, or convalescent homes, or blocks of model dwellings, or free restaurants, all built by himself, endowed, and presented as a free gift to the poor, one thought chiefly of his almost inhuman power. But, in a room, in a fairly small room, he seemed to tower over her like some monstrous statue rising out of the Egyptian sand. He was almost terrible in his unthoughtfulness. She felt like an insect beside him.

He smiled, his well-known smile of triumphant complacency, but with an added leer in it, meant to be a tribute of admiration to her charming face.

She smiled a little, and stepped backwards towards the door.

"You want to see me, I am told, Mr. Swindover," she said, the quiet composure of perfect breeding disguising the almost shuddering from his presence, that made her long to run away, like a frightened child. "I am sorry my uncle is not."

"It ain't your uncle, my dear friend the Canon, that I'm come to see to-day," responded Swindover in his most ponderously playful manner. "It's yourself, Miss Vallence. I'm so anxious to have a little chat with you that I've waited a solid hour and risked the finest household in the world. It ain't often that Sam Swindover has waited an hour for anybody, but, there, for a lady, and such a pretty young lady!"

He accompanied this attempt at flattery with a gross chuckle and a wink that sent the blood rushing to Sabra's face, almost blinding her with indignation.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Swindover?" she asked frigidly.

"Come and sit down, Miss Vallence, and have a cozy little chat. I want to put something to you plainly and without prejudice, my dear Miss Vallence. And I thought we'd be more undisturbed here, although I'm looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you at the Castle to-night, when you are coming to dine with me, with my dear old friend, the Canon."

"Please do not expect me, Mr. Swindover," said Sabra stiffly. "I am afraid I shall not be able to come."

"Now that's some little game of the Honourable Dick's!" exclaimed Swindover, and the tell-tale little red spots came into his flabby cheeks, and his eyes flashed. "I don't call that disagreeable and I shall take it very badly if you don't turn up, Miss Vallence. Indeed, I shall, when you've accepted and all, and I've got Signor Vatinano and a nice little troupe of French actors coming down by special train on purpose to amuse you. And just a nice cosy little party, just my old friend, the Canon, and you, and I."

For one brief moment Sabra's sensitive mind saw sheer pathos in the great, heavy figure, the man who, despite all the treasures of the earth, lived in the complete isolation, and had made such extensive preparations because, at last, after a struggle of two years, he thought he had captured one guest. But then she saw Lord Blaquart, broken, ruined, and Dick, her beloved, robbed of his inheritance and of his future, and the faint impulse of pity hardened into adamant hostility.

"It's the Honourable Dick, I'll swear," Swindover went on in almost a bullying tone. "What's he been saying to you? Who's he to prevent your coming to dine with me in my own house, I'd like to know?"

"Will you kindly leave Mr. Dangerville's name out of this discussion, of which I am afraid I said not see the use, or the need, Mr. Swindover," said the girl. Her voice was dangerously quiet; her eyes blazed like two violet stars.

Up till that moment the millionaire, for all his bluster, had been strangely ill at ease, casting furtive glances at the girl. The hulking and cynical bully, who crushed men as if they were ants in his path, who dictated his terms to the acutest brains in the world of finance seemed almost afraid of the slim girl, with the delicate, pure face, whose splendid eyes met his so steadily, so scornfully, showing never a flaw in the armour of her disdainful hostility.

But, all of a sudden, this uncertainty, this nervousness dropped from him. He leaned forward, and his yellow-flecked eyes grew piercing, and he laughed shortly, that ugly, fat laugh, in which his that unmistakable note of power—the power that men felt when they sat in his office in the City, and knew that they must do as he told them or be crushed. It was characteristic of him that he did not hesitate to use this power against a woman.

"It is precisely about Mr. Dangerville that I

Read
what
Miss
Kellermann

says:



Photo (Copyright) "Daily Mirror."

Miss KELLERMANN refreshes with a Cup of Cadbury's Cocoa.

Messrs. Cadbury Bros.

DOVER,

5/8/05.

Gentlemen,

It may interest you to learn that during my trial swims preparatory to my attempt to swim the Channel, I have been using your Cocoa and your Chocolate. I FIND IT MORE NOURISHING AND SUSTAINING THAN ANY OTHER I have tried before. I have ordered a supply to take with me on the day of my attempt.

I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

Cadbury's Cocoa "A PERFECT FOOD."

CAUTION.—See that you get CADBURY'S.

Every lady should buy
PEEK FREAN & CO'S delicious

VEDA BISCUITS

Sample Tin 1/- Post free from
The VEDA FOOD CO. North Bridge EDINBURGH.

10/-
DOWN
BUYS
GUR



'ROYAL AJAX'
CYCLE.
Price £5 15 net

Payments only 10s. per month.
Swift, new steerable, rugged, reliable, etc., etc.
Write for our 60-page Free Price List.
THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO. Ltd. (2A Dept.).
60, Edgware-road, London, W.

L & P FURNISHING
COMPANY.

Gigantic enlargement and redecoration of premises.
Handsomest Showrooms in Tottenham Court Road.

THE USUAL TERMS.	
£5 worth	4 0 per month.
£10	8 0
£20	16 0
£30	24 0
£40	32 0
£50	40 0
£100	80 0
£200	160 0

If not suitable, we arrange them for your convenience.

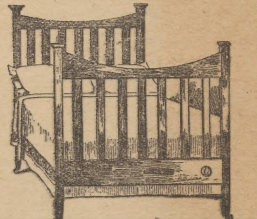
NO DEPOSIT—NO INTEREST CHARGES



Very handsome Dining-Room Suite, upholstered in Leather, Cloth, equal in wear and appearance to real leather. In any hard wood, hand polished. Prices within reach of the smallest purse. Great sacrifice. £24, credit 6 months.



OUR LATEST TRIUMPH.



Empire Chair, in 4 shapes, upholstered in Art and Silk Tapestry or Velours. Wonderful bargain, 21s. Only sold by us. Sent on approval; money willingly refunded if not approved. 4 months.

LONDON & PROVINCIAL FURNISHING CO.,
248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W. OXFORD ST. END.

"DAILY MAIL."

(Continued on page 1.)

UNEXPECTED LEGACIES.

What Servants Sometimes Leave to Those Who Have Won Their Gratitude.

A NURSE'S SURPRISE.

The ex-sergeant who, it was announced last week, left all his estate (£7,000) to the officers' mess of his old regiment, has been spoken of as if he had done something very uncommon.

People are accustomed to legacies being left by masters to servants, and so on, but not to the reverse process. Yet there are plenty of cases in which so-called "inferiors" leave money to the self-styled "betters."

A most striking instance of this was furnished by the last will and testament of a Mrs. Lade, who died some six or seven years ago.

Once a head nurse in the household of a well-known Kentish peer, Lord Sondes, she had been, in spite of humble origin, courted and married by a neighbouring squire, whose large estates adjoined those of his lordship. The proud "county families" would have nothing to do with the ex-nursemaid, and she was cold-shouldered and looked at askance by neighbour as well as new-made relative.

One constant friend she had, however. The Hon. Gerald Miles, the third son of her former employer, would not be denied the society of his old nurse. Whenever he was home from Eton he made a point of riding over to visit her, and he continued to treat her as a friend till his duties as an officer in a crack cavalry regiment called him away from England.

SUBSTANTIAL GRATITUDE.

As a younger son he had no great prospects. Judge then of his astonishment when, several years later, a home letter surprised him at Peshawar, where he was then stationed, informing him that he had inherited an estate worth £10,000 a year, the testator being none other than his former nurse.

"Her husband had died, and the widow, now an heiress, recalling the lad's old-time kindness and courtesy, had willed all her possessions to the young officer. In deference to her deceased husband, however, she made one stipulation. The Hon. Gerald Miles, instead of his own original and more aristocratic surname, was to adopt the name of his former nurse."

Another servant who rewarded the kindness of a former master is Thomas Applin, at present one of the richest merchants in Chicago. Applin began life as an office-boy in the service of a Mr. Davidge, a prominent London commission-agent and banker, doing a large business with the South American Republics.

Mr. Davidge, noticing the boy's smartness, took quite a fatherly interest in him, and, after raising his salary several times, called him into the private office and asked him what kind of a future he had mapped out for himself.

The boy said he had hoped to stay on with the firm.

"In a few years there will be no firm to stay on with," Mr. Davidge answered sadly. "The commission business is dying out, and our customers are beginning to trade directly with the manufacturers. If I were your age and as smart as you I would go and seek my fortune in the United States."

Applin was silent, hardly knowing what reply to make, but Mr. Davidge read his thoughts, and, filling up a cheque, he handed the boy the slip of stamped paper, saying: "Here is a hundred pounds, enough money to take you to America and help you to a start there. Perhaps some day you will meet a young fellow as deserving as yourself, and then I hope you will do as much for him. And now, good-bye, and good luck."

THE REWARD OF GENEROSITY.

The sequel to this generous gift showed as fine a spirit on the part of the former servant as that which had inspired the kind master.

Ten years later Thomas Applin returned to England. He was wealthy and occupied a good social position in Chicago. Naturally, his first visit was to the offices of his old employer. Here he found another firm doing business, and Mr. Davidge's name was unknown to the clerk who answered his questions.

Applin speedily discovered that his old master had practically lost his all in the Baring crisis of several years back, and had retired from business, after handing everything he possessed over to his creditors.

Without approaching his former employer, Applin set to work. A friendly solicitor, on whom he had often called with messages and letters in the old days, assisted him. Within a week Mr. Davidge was surprised by the news that one of his old South American clients was again solvent, and had ordered the London agents of the Bank of Brazil to pay a debt of £3,000, which had long ago been written off as hopeless.

IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THIS GROUP?



Name

Address

If you appear in this photograph mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected you will receive half-a-guinea. The group was photographed at Cromer. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

AMUSING SNAPSHOT FROM PORTSMOUTH.



One of the sailors of the French fleet with a British marine indulging in an impromptu cake-walk during the Portsmouth festivities. As may be observed, they have exchanged caps, with a comical effect.

For several months these pleasant surprises continued, and, by the time the former office-boy had concluded his European trip, he was able to call on his old master, and to learn that the latter was now the possessor of a very handsome annuity. Mr. Davidge did not entertain the slightest suspicion that his visitor was responsible for his altered fortunes. Nor was he ever told.

Ellen Wheeler, in conclusion, may be instanced as a type of servant whom no wages, however extravagant, could fittingly reward. For ten years she served, first of all as "general" and then as cook in the household of a young couple who began married life in a modest way in Brondebury. Thence, things going well with them, they removed to Hampstead. Ellen Wheeler, who had shared the joys and sorrows of this young couple from the outset, was now become "part of the family."

Within a year of their removal, however, the speculations of a swindling partner threatened to ruin the business that Ellen's master had built up. More than £1,000 was wanted to avert calamity, and the master of the house had pledged his credit to the utmost.

It was now Ellen's turn to intervene. She readily asked her mistress to explain the exact nature of the trouble that threatened them, and, once being let into the secret, Ellen was not slow to act. She remembered that an uncle of hers was reputed rich, having bought and sold cattle in the small market town where she was born, and then coming up to London, he had started first one and then another butcher's shop in the districts of West Kensington and Fulham.

She sought out her moneyed relative, and, so well did she put her case, that he not only lent her all the money she required, but told her to tell her master that he could have more from the same source at a reasonable rate of interest should he find himself in any future difficulty.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Witty Paragraphs from the Comic Papers of Two Continents.

Father: Yes, my son; according to Darwin, our ancestors were monkeys.

Son: But, papa, I don't believe that. I shall be an ancestor myself sometime, and I'm not a monkey.—"Megendorfer Blatter" (German).

Mamma: Johnny has begun to develop all the characteristics of an optimist.

Papa: Why do you think so?

Mamma: When I made him wash his neck to-day he said he was glad he wasn't a giraffe.—"Chicago News."

She: Do you remember, when you married me, you said I was "one in a thousand"?

He: Yes; and when your mother came to live with us I thought she was the other nine hundred and ninety-nine.—"Journal Amusant" (French).

Little Bessie, the youngest member of the family, watched the elder children set off to attend a birthday party one evening, while she, as usual, was compelled to remain behind. Presently her mother's attention was attracted by a doleful little sigh.

"Oh, dear, mamma!" mourned the tot, "don't you think I was dreadful unfortunate to be born so young?"—"Boston Globe."

Cholly: What are you going to do when you get to be a big man, Bobby?

Bobby: I dunno. What are you?—"Washington Star."

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Husbands Give Their Experiences, Fortunate and Otherwise.

"GOOD WIVES SCARCE."

WOMEN MORE AMBITIOUS THAN MEN.

In reply to "Two Bachelors," I am afraid their experience of women has not been very happy. My experience is that they are generally more ambitious for their husbands than the husbands are themselves, and, when fortune smiles, a woman more quickly and easily adapts herself to changed circumstances than a man does.

As for the gadding about and finery-donning wife, if "Two Bachelors" only came in contact with such women no wonder they are not tempted to change their condition, but she is more to be pitied as a light-headed, foolish woman rather than looked upon as a general example of her class—not having found in her married life the ideal of happiness that most girls look forward to.

Girls brought up in good homes who have to go out and earn their living nowadays are more matter-of-fact, stronger to endure, and are more earnest in their work, than were their grandmothers, for if they do not marry in many cases the future depends upon their own exertions at the present time.

AN UNMARRIED GIRL.

Wanstead Park, Essex.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS POINT OF VIEW.

From what I have read I notice all your readers deal with this question from the human point of view, which, to my mind, is quite a mistake.

When God created man and saw that he was good, He also made woman to be his companion, and surely a companion is not a hindrance.

Further, how can man and wife expect to have that love which comes from God alone unless their lives are given up to His service.

People who think of nothing but this world's so-called happiness and enjoyment, and who leave God out of the question altogether, must necessarily expect that God will leave them out of the question also.

Where God is not, there there cannot be love, at least, not in the sense which God intended there should be.

Let those who have found married life a failure look into their past life and see if God has had the first place in it. If He has not, nothing but a failure can possibly be the result.

Serve God with heart, soul, mind, and body, and then that love which man craves for will be given in its fullest and truest extent. L. F. S.

LUCKY THE THIRD TIME.

I have had a wide experience which may be of value to some of your readers.

My first matrimonial venture was with a lady who could speak several languages, paint, play the harp, etc. The result was that three months after marriage discord commenced owing to my wife airing her knowledge before my friends when they dropped in for a quiet game at bridge, thus causing me to look insignificant in my friends' eyes.

This state of things continued until her death, which occurred some four years after our wedding, and it would be cant on my part to say that I was sorry.

The less said about my second wife the better. Despite my previous ill-luck, I again married, and am fairly happy, but taking the question as a whole I think wives are a drawback, as most women are inordinately selfish and lack intelligence.

SOLOMON J.

Ashbourne-road, Derby.

GOOD WIVES HARD TO FIND.

I am a young man and was married to a good, loving, homely girl, who took pride in her home and domestic duties.

After two years of happiness my wife died, leaving me with a bonnie boy, now fourteen months old, and to-day I am like a fish out of water—no comforts, no sympathy, no home joys.

My wife was a help, never a hindrance, simply because we studied each other; and I can honestly say that I would not be single a day if I could only meet with a real good girl, homely and full of spirit.

But they are very hard to find.

YOUNG WIDOWER.

A TERRIBLE HINDRANCE.

My age is thirty-three. I have been married twelve years, and have three children.

I have never been out of employment. I am a total abstainer.

My wife has barred me in every way from getting on in life.

Finally, I have had to turn her out, and am trying to divorce her on account of her drinking habits and mismanagement.

I can sympathise with the poor woman who signs herself "Three Times Married." It is an old saying that a good woman seldom gets a good man and vice versa. SYMPATHISER.

Queen's-square, S.W.

SHEER MERIT HAS MADE ANTIPON A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

There is not the least doubt that Antipon, the great permanent cure for corpulence, is the most brilliantly successful remedy of modern times, and this by sheer force of merit. Its success was indeed foretold by the specially appointed authorities who were invited to report upon the peculiar ingredients of Antipon prior to the discovery being made public. These competent experts were unanimous in their opinion as to the great value of Antipon as a weight reducer, and also as to its unquestioned strength-building, tonic effects. Its complete harmlessness was also vouched for. Antipon contains nothing of a mineral nature. Its purely herbal ingredients are quite innocuous. The preparation is agreeable to the taste and very refreshing. Being a liquid, it is easy to take. Briefly, the Antipon treatment is simple, easy, safe, and sure; can be followed without any other person being aware that any measures for the reduction of weight are being taken, and is in every respect a perfect home treatment for the permanent cure of obesity. It is neither aperient nor constipating, and has not the slightest disturbing effect upon the stomach or bowels.

Antipon, greatest of fat absorbents, is more effective as a tonic than many medicines taken solely for their tonic properties. It perfects the digestive process. It promotes a keen appetite and requires that the subject under treatment should fully satisfy that appetite with the most nourishing of foods. There are no disagreeable restrictions as to what one may eat. The principle on which the

Antipon cure is based is that, while the masses of superfluous and unhealthy fat are being eliminated, the system must be thoroughly nourished, the blood made purer, the muscular and nerve tissue strengthened. All this Antipon does with absolute certainty. Hence its conspicuous success.

A day and a night after the first dose of Antipon there is already a decrease of weight ranging from 8ozs. to 8lb. This is followed by a sure and steady reduction every day until the attainment of normal weight and proportions. The doses may then cease altogether, the cure being permanent. It will be found that the disheartening tendency to make fat of everything eaten is lastingly destroyed. A course of Antipon for any stout person is to look and feel years younger.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or should difficulty arise, may be had (on sending remittance) from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C. Delivery post free, in private package.

YOUR WEIGHT

Permanently Reduced Without Difficulty or Danger.

The most successful and the pleasantest home treatment for the cure of corpulence ever discovered is now known throughout the world as

Antipon. It cures permanently, because it overcomes the disheartening tendency to the persistent development of excessive fat. It is irresistible even in the most pronounced cases of corpulence, cases which have defied every other kind of treatment.

Of course, the dangerous old-time methods of semi-starvation, with mineral drugging thrown in, *did and will* produce a temporary loss of flesh so long as they are indulged in, but no sooner are they dropped than the fat begins to re-accumulate—that is, if the drastic methods that have been employed have not undermined the constitution beyond repair. Antipon, harmless, palatable, easy to take, and requiring no assistance from drugs of any description, is the exact opposite of the methods we have described. Antipon is an excellent tonic as well as an unequalled destroyer of unhealthy and superfluous fat. It creates a healthy appetite and tones up and improves the whole digestive system. No disagreeable dietary restrictions are imposed; all the help Antipon wants is good nutritious food.

Antipon works wonders from the very start. Within a day and a night of the first dose the loss of weight equals 8ozs. to 3lbs. A sure and certain daily diminution is then proved by the scale test, until finally normal weight is reached, with correct and elegant proportions. The reduction is not abdominal only, but admirably proportioned over the entire body surface, face and figure. On the desired weight being attained the treatment may be stopped. *The cure is complete and permanent.* The gradual improvement in health and strength during the process of the cure is the theme of many grateful letters received from all parts of the world by the Antipon Company. This beneficial result, no less than the marvellous fat-reducing powers of Antipon, has made for it countless friends.

Antipon is a wine-like liquid, slightly tart, composed of purely non-mineral ingredients. It is absolutely harmless, is neither aperient nor the opposite, and can be used without the least discomfort or inconvenience, or without even the most intimate acquaintances being aware that any treatment whatever is being followed.

THREE TYPICAL TESTIMONIALS.

"Ball's Pond Road, N.

"Having benefited so much from your Antipon, I feel it only right to send you this testimonial. I am pleased to say a few bottles have reduced me two stone, and that it is the only thing that has ever affected me, although I have tried several other (supposed) flesh-reducing medicines. I am just sending one of your advertisements to South Australia to a friend of mine who I know is putting on too much flesh."
(Signed) M.D."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes: "I have used Antipon in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes: "I am trying it (Antipon) in a serious case of a man weighing sixteen stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost three stone."

Hundreds of other testimonials equally noteworthy are filed for reference at the offices of the Antipon Company.

The "Daily Mirror" in June 24 issue says:—

A PERMANENT CURE FOR CORPULENCE.—Corpulence cures (or cures so called), which purged and sweated the patient into a state of decline are of the past. A modern remedy, Antipon, is of a diametrically opposite nature, for while it is gradually absorbing the gross deposits of superfluous fat, which debilitate the system, it increases muscular strength, and helps to revitalise the nervous system. This it effects by increasing appetite and adding power to the digestive apparatus. An agreeable tonic liquid composed solely of harmless herbs, it cannot hurt the most delicate person, and effects a rapid reduction from the very first, continuing steadily, without any inconvenience to the person under treatment, until normal weight and robust health and wiry energy are acquired.

Antipon

THE
RECOGNIZED
STANDARD REMEDY
FOR THE
PERMANENT CURE OF
CORPULENCE

MANY people who become alarmed at a growing tendency to corpulence imagine that the process of reducing weight is both difficult and disagreeable. So it is, if the old-time methods are adopted which starved and drugged the subject into thinness and ill-health—methods which are fast becoming obsolete owing to the enormous success of Antipon. Besides reducing the weight to normal and radically destroying the tendency to obesity, Antipon tones up the entire system with permanent benefit to health. Antipon is indeed a treatment in itself, and necessitates no departure from one's ordinary habits and mode of living. It calls for no assistance from a restricted diet, no exhausting long walks, or other excessive physical exertion. Antipon is an admirable tonic as well as a reliable fat-absorbent. It promotes a healthy appetite and requires that the body be amply nourished to keep up the blood supply. Thus new muscular tissue is formed while the diseased and superfluous fatty deposits are being rapidly absorbed and driven out of the system. The dangerous internal growths of adipose matter that lead, sometimes fatally, to "fatty degeneration" of the heart and liver, are destroyed, so that those organs act freely and naturally; the breathing becomes easy, and there is no longer any faintness and exhaustion after exertion. At the same time the superabundant surface fat is absorbed and the proportions become once more symmetrical. Antipon is rapid in its fat-reducing effects. Twenty-four hours after taking the first dose the patient, on the test of the scales, will find there has been a decrease of 8ozs. to 8lb. Then day by day there will be a sure and steady diminution until weight and proportions are all that can be wished. The reduction is not merely abdominal, but is perceptible over the entire body, and the new muscular development will render shapeliness to the limbs. Antipon is a pleasantly tart liquid tonic. Its ingredients are purely herbal, and would be harmless to the most feeble invalid. It can be taken in the strictest privacy; it is not an aperient, nor does it produce the slightest feeling of discomfort. Indeed, by its tonic, strengthening nature, it exhilarates and brightens and gives increase of mental energy. After a comparatively short course of Antipon the subject will look and feel years younger, and this desirable result is effected in the pleasantest possible way.

Antipon can be had of Chemists, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

The ANTIPON CO., 13, Buckingham St., Strand, London, W.C.

THE GREATEST OF CURES

Ever discovered for the distressing disease of obesity, Antipon is at the same time a tonic or the highest value. It provides a sure means of strengthening and revitalising the system while reducing the body's bulk with unerring certainty. It is simple, easy, and pleasant to follow a course of home treatment with Antipon; and, save for the wonderful change for the better in beauty of form and general health, no friend or acquaintance could suspect that any special measures had been adopted for the permanent reduction of weight. At the table there are no noticeable or objectionable restrictions as to food and drink; and, with the rapid return of strength and vitality and physical and mental energy, the renewed delight in healthy outdoor exercise and recreation is natural. There are no drugs to be swallowed; nor is the constant use of laxatives in any way needful. Antipon wants no other help than nourishing food, for which it gives the subject a generous appetite. It also tones up the digestive system. The result is that the normal quantity of properly digested nutriment, taken soon re-enriches the blood, dispels the symptoms of anaemia, makes new, sound muscular tissue to replace the fat-impregnated cellular matter, braces up the nerves, and gives back the brightness and vigour of youth. No corpulent person could take Antipon, for however short a period, without some benefit, and to take the course consistently is to effect a permanent cure; for it destroys the tendency to make fat of everything consumed, and once the normal conditions of body are restored the doses may be discontinued. In appearance and physique the subject will be quite rejuvenated. Hundreds of men and women have gratefully acknowledged this in voluntary letters of thanks.

Antipon is neither a cathartic nor the reverse. It is just simply a wholesome, pleasant tonic liquid resembling light red wine in colour and consistence. It contains no substance of a mineral or otherwise objectionable nature, and is entirely harmless. The doses being comparatively small, it has the welcome advantage of economy in use.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, in case of difficulty in obtaining it, may be had (on sending remittance) post paid, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

DRESSES FOR THE SHOOTING SEASON—TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, AND LEATHER.

MODES ON THE MOORS.

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH AND HABILIMENTS FOR IT.

Short skirts, coats with plenty of room about them, obviously cut for ease, stout boots, smart gaiters, and cloth or knitted caps—such are the chief items in the outfit that the sportswoman takes to the north for the shooting season.

A shooting-coat that is very popular among those girls who like to dress themselves correctly is a leather affair with a plastron front that will fasten across the chest and protect it from chill. But the Norfolk coat in cloth and leather is the usual choice, in various editions, with the changes rung in pleats and leather embellishments.

For leather trimmings are legion this year, and pipings, collars, cuffs, pockets, straps, yokes, buttons, and so forth made of it are favourite fashion devices. The remarkable colour-range of the dyed leathers nowadays and the suppleness of their finish makes the material more serviceable in connection with wearing apparel than it has ever been.

Serviceable Tweeds and Homespuns.

Plain tailor-made collars and cuffs of linen or piqué, detachable, so that they may be easily removed and washed, are furnished with the majority of the plain tailor-made suits, and embroidered collars of heavy linen are also seen. On costumes of white serge these collars look very well carried out in coarse linen crash in dull blue or red, fastened with heavy pearl buttons.

The rough mixed tweeds and homespun's soft less easily than plain serge does, and are the practical sportswoman's first choice for shooting, fishing, and mountain wear; but for ordinary occasions nothing is so popular as white serge of a good quality. Some of the new serges show a narrow herringbone weave, and others have so very fine a twill and so soft and lustrous a finish that they are difficult to recognise as serge.

ANTIQUITY OF UMBRELLAS.

HAVE YOU GOT A ROBINSON?

Those who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be surprised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on the Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of to-day were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases.

The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule. When they became prevalent they were known as Robinsons, because Robinson Crusoe was always portrayed with one.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

have come here to talk to you, Miss Valence," he said. "Ah—that's a poser for you—eh, what? You didn't know that I was interested in your young man. You see, I know all about it."

"The engagement is no secret," said the girl icily. "It has been announced. I do know, Mr. Swindover, that you have used the contemptible power your money gives you to ruin the man I am going to marry."

"Oh, you know that, do you? Well, you listen to the advice of a man that's seen a good bit of the world. You're a young woman, and a pretty woman —" His voice took on a thick, fluffy tone that sickened the girl. "What do you want to marry the Honourable Dick for?" he asked confidentially. "Why do you want to marry a beggar? He may be a toff, but then that's nothing to you, is it, because you've got a bit of blue blood of your own?"

The girl stared at him as if he were a great python, and she shuddering victim.

"A girl like you," he went on, "ought to marry a chap like my son, Luther. There's something fetching about you. You ought to be a very great lady, and only money can do that nowadays. Luther ain't much of a catch in himself, I don't mind saying it myself; but he'll have as many millions as he's got ideas in his head, and I want a wife for him, a real tip-topper. You'd do fast rate."

"It is monstrous! I will not listen to you." "They've got the pride of the old gentleman himself, my dear young lady, but they've got nothing else, not a penny piece!"

"I tell you, I will not listen to you." She turned and moved towards the door. "I will call the servants to show you out."

"You won't," said Swindover. "You'll listen to reason. A woman will always listen to reason, I find, when you take her the right way. You know that old Blaquart and his son are ruined,



The dress at the left-hand side of the picture is made of pheasant-brown tweed, with chessboard leather of brown and russet-red in the form of a narrow vest and cuffs upon the coat. The other toilette shows a heather mixture tweed skirt and a green leather coat with a plastron front, worn with a cap to match.

that they won't have a roof to cover their noble heads, that they'll be disgraced before the world. You know that they're ruined; but do you know that they needn't be?"

"Nonsense!" said Sabra but her hand on the bell. She turned. "What do you mean, Mr. Swindover?"

"That's what I've come to tell you, Miss Valence. They needn't be. They could go back to the castle and have as much money as all the Blaquarts put together ever had and be as high and mighty as they've ever been."

"What do you mean? What is it that prevents them?"

"It's you, my dear young lady, that prevents them," said the millionaire. "The girl went white to the lips. What could he mean? He meant something. Foolish to suppose that such a man would force an entrance into the vicarage and wait an hour, just to insult her, to offend her."

"Swells like they are," said Swindover slowly, "have such queer ideas. They'd never tell you; even though by leaving you in ignorance they'd bust up their lives and the lives of all those who'll come after them. It's simply this, my dear Miss Valence, although it ain't no easy thing to say to such a charming young lady, but you're the obstacle that prevents the Honourable Dick from going back to live in the house of his fathers. In the race of life, Miss Valence, you're the nasty water jump with a ditch on both sides that prevents your young man from winning the Grand National. And that's just the way it is."

"I don't understand you!" cried the girl frantically. "I think you are mad!"

"Not at all," said Swindover, abandoning his peculiar metaphor. "The plain English of it is that I want the Honourable Dick to marry my daughter, Fay, and I'll give him back Balliol Castle and two million pounds sterling into the bargain, on the day he becomes my son-in-law. What about that? Generous, ain't it? And, mind you, there's nothing the matter with my daughter, Fay. She ain't like me to look at, nor like Luther, nor like

anything but a real lady born and bred. A regular flyer is Fay! She stays with Duchesses and treats me like dirt; but she's a peach!"

Sabra's hand was at her throat, as if she had difficulty in breathing.

"You would give him the Castle—absolutely?" she asked. Her face was white as a sheet, her hands trembled, her voice sounded as if it were torn from her throat.

"I would," Swindover answered. He waved his fat hands in the air, as if to illustrate his magnificence. "And two millions sterling. I suppose you don't realise what two millions sterling means, with the Castle, and me to back 'em up. Why, there'd be nobody who could touch 'em!"

"And you think Dick would do it—if it weren't for me?"

It was the cry of a human soul in agony, and Swindover answered it with a portentous wink. "What do you think?" he said.

Good God, what did she think? She was torn on the rack. Was this asked of her, this sacrifice? Was it her duty to give him up, the man she loved? It rested with her, she knew. Dick would never tell her; even this horrible man realised that. That was why he had come to her. Dick was bound by his word. He would sacrifice his father, his name, his race, his future, everything because he had asked her to be his wife and she had consented.

But, if she gave him up as if of her own accord, would he marry Fay Swindover and become master of Balliol again, a millionaire into the bargain, the head of the proudest family in England.

Her tortured eyes travelled wildly round the room, and everywhere rested on the great, unwieldy, repulsive face of the man who had suddenly and without warning placed this terrible sword of Decision in her trembling hands.

"Oh, go away! Go away!" she cried. "I must be alone. I must think."

But already the dawn of despair was breaking on her soul.

(To be continued.)

SHAVE IN THE DARK

Close. Clean. Safe. Impossible to cut yourself.

SHAVE yourself in two minutes with perfect comfort and security. The IMPROVED MULLIGTON is a safety razor, with that ingenious, velocity stroke. Be your least vigorous, or your skin, ever so tender, without the slightest difficulty you can enjoy a close, clean shave. The razor is so simple in itself, there is absolutely nothing to learn; no skill nor experience necessary. Complete set with holder for 'stropping' the blade. Set of all the makers.

Write MULLIGTON MFG. CO. No. 10, Dept. 312, 313, High Holborn, London, W.C., Chancery Lane Tube Station.

IMPORTANT—None genuine unless bearing our Reg. Trade Mark "Mulligton".



3/6 COMPLETE.

Carriage Paid to any address.

TRY IT. IT IS GOOD.

OWA
A FINE OLD MALT GIN. S & P 315

6% ON SHARES & DEPOSITS
FARROW'S BANK
LIMITED
29 NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON.
WRITE OR CALL FOR ANNUAL REPORT & BALANCE SHEET.

A SMART IDEA!
Is to write a postcard asking for free patterns of our famous 21s. Suits, absolutely guaranteed made to measure (valued by our customers at £23 3s.). Trousers to measure at 6s. Superline quality Suits at 27s. 6d. Just sent at once for our Spring and Summer (1905) patterns and compare the quality and price with that of your ordinary tailor. You will be astonished. We will also send you, absolutely free of charge, tape measure, fashion plate, and full instructions to measure yourself. Money returned if you are not satisfied. Call or write.
CURZON BROS.
(Dept. 158).
60 & 62, CITY ROAD, FINCHBURY LONDON, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1890.

Icilm.

Icilm Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for itchy, sore eyes, chilblains, colds, colds, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, precisely heat, eczema, and irritations from heat, riding, or workmen.
Icilm Floor Cream contains no grease, and its cleansing virtues make it the healthy, transparent, free from roughness, wrinkles, and superfluous hair, and give a lovely clear complexion that needs no powder.
Icilm Soap is invaluable for hard or brackish water, and for all skin irritations, and is a revelation of what a toilet and medicinal soap can be.
Its marvellous healing and beautifying powers, its refreshing effects when tired, irritated or worn, its absolute harmlessness make ICILMA a necessity in every home and to every traveler.

Water... Cream 1s., Soap 10d.
Send 2d. stamps for samples Soap and Cream, and Booklet with Caution.
ICILMA CO., Ltd. Dept. B, 142, drag's lan-lan, London

2/6 SUITS

2s with Order will secure you a high-class SEIT or OVERCOAT, West End Cutters, T. RUSSELL & CO., 137, FENCHURCH LANE, and 58, CHANCERY LANE, E.C. ALL TRANSACTIONS CONFIDENTIAL.

RHEUMATISM AND PARALYSIS.

Their Complete Home Cure.

POST FREE TO READERS OF 'DAILY MIRROR' FOR TEN DAYS ONLY.

A handsome illustrated treatise, giving full description of Rheumatism and Paralysis, with instructions for a complete home cure, describing the most successful treatment in Great Britain, recommended by the Ministry and endorsed by medical men. This highly instructive book was written by W. H. Veno, a gentleman who has made a special study of these diseases. The preface is by a graduate of the University of Wurtzburg. Send postcard to-day and you will receive the book free by return.—Address the Veno Institute, Dept. A, 41, Cedar-street, Hulme, Manchester.

Allen Foster & Co.
77, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.2.

Allen Foster & Co. are famous for their
Costumes and
Gos-
tume Skirts. Buy
direct from the
"Alfresco" Factories.

Design
No. 5156. 10/6

WONDERFUL VALUE
FOR HALF-A-GUINEA.

This STYLISH COSTUME
is carefully made and
finished, trimmed with
gold, broad, buttons, and
silk ornaments. Lining
in bodice. Skirt cut full
with foot pleats and small
buttons.

A COSTUME ANY
LADY CAN WEAR.

Made in Allen Foster &
Co.'s Speciality Serge and
Venetian Cloth, etc. Pat-
terns of the different
materials this costume is
made in will be sent post
free on application. Cos-
tume complete, 10s.
extra. Skirt
alone, 5s.
extra. Skirt
alone, 5s.
extra.

PATTERNS
FREE.

5/11

Allen Foster & Co.'s Illustrated Sketch
Book of Fashions now ready. Write
for it at once. Sent post free. All
the latest novelties in ladies' and
children's wear.

Design 5/11
No. 1035.

A SPECIAL LINE IN LADIES'
BLACK AND NAVY CLOTH COS-
TUME SKIRTS. Good quality
material. Skirt is cut very full
with pleated flounce at back,
and handsomely trimmed as
shown in sketch. A GREAT
BARRAIN for 5/11. Sent car-
riage paid, 5s. extra.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,
The London Manufacturers,
47, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.2.

A GOOD CYCLE
is a safe investment. It yields health and pleasure,
saves time and money. Buy it now! See Genl.
Swiss, Rudge Whiteheads, Triumphs,
Coventry Challenge, Centaurs, Premier,
Singer, Progress, Rovers, Humbers,
ALL THE BEST COVENTRY MAKES.

£4:15:0
On Approval 12 months' Warranty.
Easy payments
from 5/- per
month.
Fair and equitable
terms. No collectors
employed. Every
transaction strictly
private. Lowest prices
in the trade.

E. O'BRIEN (Genl. Mgr.), Dept. DW, The
World's Largest Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

WITHIN
YOUR
REACH

Just because Fels-Naptha-
soap is so different from any
other is why it must be used
differently.

The right way to use it
is easier than the old way
with other soaps.

Read the simple directions.
Now, Fels-Naptha costs
no more than ordinary soap
and in use is as electricity
to candles.

A wonderful house-help is
Fels-Naptha soap.

The naptha in it lessens
the hard work.

No possible injury to clothes.
But use it the right way.

When you understand about
Fels-Naptha—the money sav-
ing, the nicer clothes, the
cleaner house, the easier
work,—you'll never use any
other soap.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

SMOKE

Theirs not to
reason WHY,
Theirs but to
go and BUY

**PLAYER'S
NAVY
MIXTURE**

MILD. 1/8
PER 1½ TIN.
5d. per OUNCE.

MEDIUM. 1/6
PER 1½ TIN.
4½d. per OUNCE.

"THE MIXTURE."

**GREAT SALE
FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY**

4/- in the & off prices quoted below in
Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring Depart-
ments. Sent at once for full particulars.

CLOTHING

1/1 WEEKLY

Clothing made
a measure below
shopkeepers prices
good Business Suits from
27/6; special discounts during
Sale! Ladies' Jackets, Blouses,
and Tailor-made Costumes from
28/-; Cycle Suits from 16/9; deliv-
ered on small deposit; perfect
fit guaranteed. Patterns and
new American Self-measuring
Forms Post Free quick delivery.
Write Dept. 301-A, THOMAS, 31,
Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

ANNUTANTS WHO ARE RESTRAINING.
To a BORROWING on their incomes,
or persons who are entitled to cash or property at death of
relatives or others can have advance.
Sum advanced can be repaid when expectancy is received.
Apply to LOPHOUSE and CO., Bankers Agents,
119, Victoria-street, Westminster,
who have also a SPECIAL FUND TO INVEST
with Ladies and Gentlemen of Fixed Income which ceases on
Death or Remarriage.
Immediate advances in case of Pressure. No Fees.
TERMS FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

ADVANCES at 5 per cent. per annum, to ladies and
gentlemen entitled to money or property on death of
friends, specially negotiated—Apply Mr. Whyte, 58, Vi-
ctoria-st., S.W.

CASH ADVANCED, privately, on note of hand alone; no
security or fees; towns or country—Apply to actual
lenders, Cox and CO., 228, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury
Park, N. 3 doors from Tube Station.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed
at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established
Provincial Union Bank 50, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.
£10 may make a profit of £60.—Send for testimonials and
particulars to Globe and Lancashire, 25, Lonsdale-lane,
Cheapside, London.

**STAR
FURNISHING CO.**

DALSTON: 49 and 51, Ball's Pond-road.
HIGBURY: 27, Upper-street.
CAMDEN TOWN: 46, High-street.
HOLLOWAY: 142, Seven Sisters-road.
STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD, 171, 173, 175
opposite West Hackney Church).

HARRINGAY: 3, Grand Parade (next Salisbury
Hotel).

TOTTENHAM: 758, High-road (near Hotspur's
ground).

EXETER TOWN: 2, Palace Parade.
WALTHAMSTOW: 235, 237, 239, High-street, Hoe-st.
PECKHAM: 106, Rye-lane (next Public Hall).

FURNITURE ON EASY TERMS.
Every Description. New and Second Hand.
ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED from 4/- per month.
No security required. Delivered Free.

**BED-SITTING ROOM
FURNISHED for £5**
**AN 8-ROOMED HOUSE
FURNISHED for £50**

Send for our illustrated catalogue and copies of
thousands of testimonials.

10 per Cent. Discount for Cash.

STAR FURNISHING CO.
Established 1879.

From 5/- Monthly Sample £10 10s. Cycle for Cash.
£4 15. 2 Bikes, carriage paid.
Cycles from £2 10s. Sample £22
Motor Cycle, £20. List Free.
DURHAM ROAD, CYCLO CO., NEWBURY.

MARKETING BY POST.

PLAIN—Eggs, 12lb. 2s. 9d. 24lb. 4s. 6d. Victoria, 12lb.
4s. 6d. 24lb. 8s.; carriage paid for cash; Scotland, Ire-
land 6d. extra.—List Pears, Tomatoes, Apples, S. Thorpe
and Co., Growers, Evesham. Please mention paper.

FLAVOURED
WITH
RIPE FRUIT JUICES

**CHIVERS
JELLIES**

BARGAINS IN FURNITURE

Let Us Send YOU Our Catalogue No. 99.
TO-DAY'S "SPECIALITIES."

FUMED OAK BEDROOM SUITE, solid
throughout, hand-made, wholesale
price. An astounding bargain. £5 18 6

MASSIVE BEDSTEAD & BEDDING, com-
plete, comprising sanitary wire mattress, wool
coverlay, bolster and pillow. Hur-
dreds selling. Marvellous value. £1 8 6

Thousands of other lots equally cheap. A visit to
our store will convince you of the advantage of dealing
direct with the manufacturers. A saving of 25 per cent.
in price. Credit accounts opened if desired. Cash
Discount 2s. in £.

WITTAM AND COMPANY,
231, Old Street,
City Road, E.C.

Business Hours: 9 till 5.30. Saturdays, 9 p.m.
Established 68 years.

**WORSTED 1/7
TROUSERS**

For 18 days only, terminating on 30th TO MEASURE.
August 28th. The greatest offer
of modern times. Having purchased at an enormous
advantage a fine stock of Worsted Trousers we have
decided to let our customers reap the benefit. As a
gigantic advertisement we will present to every pur-
chaser of a pair of Trousers to measure at 7/6, or higher
price a Smart 5/11 Fancy Vest to measure absolutely
FREE. Thus your Trousers will cost you 1/7.

35/- CASHMERE SUIT 21/11

We have made a further great purchase of several com-
plete ranges of the newest
and most fashionable fancy
cashmere suits. We will
make you a suit to measure
from one of these materials
at the low price of 21s. 11d.,
providing your order is
either sent or given at our
establishments within the
next 34 days, after which
these suits will be 35s. Test
the genuineness of this offer
by writing at once for Pat-
terns, Measure Form, and
Illustrations, and post free
anywhere.

THOMPSON BROS., LTD.,
2, Oxford Street, W. and at
24, Regent-st. W. Without
London, E.C.

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter fates.

real hair
savers. **WAVERS**

MIDLAND Railway.

**COOK'S SUMMER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS
FROM ST. PANCRAS.**
(WITH BOOKINGS FROM CITY, GREENWICH, AND WOOLWICH STATIONS.)

TO	DESTINATION.	DATE.	PERIOD.
IRELAND.	Belfast and North of Ireland	Weekly every Thursday	16 days.
	Dublin and South of Ireland	August 10th to Sept. 21st (except Sept. 21st). See bills for exceptions, via Liverpool	
	Dublin (for Royal Horse Show)	Weekly, every Thursday	
	Dublin (for Royal Horse Show)	August 10th to September 21st (except Sept. 21st)	
SCOTLAND.	London-derry	Tuesday, August 22nd	
	Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Monroese, Inverness, Sterling, Perth, &c.	Saturdays, Aug. 19th, and 26th, Sept. 2nd, 9th, 16th Thursdays, Aug. 24th, Sept. 7th and 14th	7 or 17 days.
PROVINCIAL TOWNS.	Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Warrington, Stockport, Manchester, Liverpool, Newark, Lincoln, Staffordshire Potteries, Bury, Bolton, Blackburn, Wigan, York, Hull, Durham, Darlington, Newcastle, &c.	Fortnightly from Friday, Aug. 18th, to Sept. 29th	8 or 16 days.
	Lake District, Carlisle, &c.	Daylight Corridor Excursions every Saturday, until September 2nd inclusive	3, 6, or 8 days.
LAKE DISTRICT.	Moscombs, Lancaster, Furness Abbey, Wintermeres, Ambleside, Ulverston, &c.	Saturdays, Aug. 19th, 26th, Sept. 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th	1, 3, or 5 days.
	Matlock, Matlock Bath, Buxton, Hayfield, Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, Lytham, St. Anne's, Fleetwood, Ripon, Harrogate, Ben Rhydding, Ilkley, Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, Saltburn, Redcar, &c.	Mondays, Aug. 21st, Sept. 4th and 18th, and Oct. 1st	3, 5, 10, 15, or 17 days.
ISLE OF MAN.	Douglas (Kedar of Man)	Every Saturday until September 30th	3, 5, 10, 15, or 17 days.
	Bedford, Wellesbourne, Kettering, &c.	Every Friday midnight (via Liverpool only) and Saturday morning (via Heysham, Barrow, or Liverpool)	4 days and Week-ends.
HALF-DAYS and WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.	St. Albans, Harpenden, Redbourn, Hemel Hempstead and Luton	Every Saturday and Sunday	2 days.
	Harpenden and Luton	Every Thursday	2 days.

Send a postcard for cheap ticket programmes, pocket time tables, guides, &c., to any
AGENT, THE CHIEF LONDON PASSENGER OFFICE, ST. PANCRAS STATION,
Office of THOS. COOK & SON,
Dorset, 106.

MIDLAND DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT, STATION MASTER,
N.W. or to Mr. J. Elliott, Superintendent of the Line, Derby, or to any
JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C., between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. on Saturdays 10 to 3, and on the other days 10 to 5 p.m. (paid, each word afterwards, except for RETURNED MAIL, which is charged at the rate of 1s. for 12 words, and 1s. PER WORD AFTERWARDS. Advertisements if sent by post must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDERS CROSSED COURTESY AND CO. PAYEE'S NAME WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. "Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, SUFFICIENT STAMPS FOR COVER POSTAGE MUST BE SENT WITH THE ADVERTISEMENT.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A.—Art: easy work at home; tinting pictures and Xmas Cards; addressed envelopes for particulars—Art Studio, 6, Great James-st., W.C.

AGENTS wanted—80, Whitefriars-st. 800 free, last 12 months—Lighter Depot, Northwick, Denagis.

AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring, prospectus (2s.) by return—Berry-st., Liverpool; and 225, Danegate, Manchester.

ART at Home—How to turn artistic talent to account?—free booklet—Addressed envelope, Art School, 244, High Holborn, W.C.

BEATALL—1s. 3d. Remnant Parcels: agents wanted; sample and particulars, 1s. 3d.—Beatall—Rushden.

WHY be satisfied with a small income when you can add to it without interfering with your present occupation? Send a postcard for particulars to G. C. 1354, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

COTTAGE Organ; splendid tone; £4 10s.; bargain.—118, Bishop-st., Cardiff Road, S.E.

COTTAGE Piano; good condition; £4 10s.; easy terms—Payne, 103, Approach-rd., Cambridge Heath, N.E.

CLANFORTH—Lady wishes to sell privately her magnificent upright iron grand Drawing-room Piano; fitted with check repeater action; exquisite marqueterie panel and carved pillars; nearly new; original price 50s.; makers 20 years' warranty transferred; take 15s.; approval 7 clear days, carriage paid both ways if not approved—G. 231, Burdett-rd., Bow, London, E.

35 Guinea—Piano, "Duchess" Model (last price 30 guineas, by D'ALMAINE (established 120 years)) solid iron frame, upright grand, full compass, full trichord, celeste action, etc.; handsome carved case, 60in. in height; in use only 6 months; sent on approval, carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; easy terms; cash, full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher class instrument within 3 years.—D'Almaigne and Co., established 120 years, 31, Finsbury-pavement, City. Open till 7, Saturdays 3.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM House College, Ramsgate—Founded 94 years. High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.R.E.R. (The Buffs); junior school for boys under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTMENTS AND BUSINESS TRAINING for youths and ladies; 15,000 situations already secured; training only most brilliantly successful in England; Day Evening and Postal Classes; new terms, 21 August; per cent. reduction during opening week; large guide free—Clark's College, 1, Chancery-lane, London.

MARGATE—Goddwin Boys' School, Godwin-rd.; principals, E. and M. Maltby; inclusive fees from 25 guineas; all exams; established 25 years; next term September 11.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

CYCLISTS are your tyres down whenever you want a ride? Inner tubes are probably porous; tube of "Rubber Rejuvenator" would make both tubes good as new, and keep them tight for months; can be had of all dealers, or by post 1s. from Organic Chemical Co., Walthamstow.



FROM FACTORY TO RIDER

Buy direct and save middlemen's profits. Highest quality, fully warranted, all years.

Conveyer Made Cycles

LATEST MODELS £2.10 to £6

Packed Free, Carriage Paid

200 Second-Hand Cycles

all makes, £1 to £2.10

Great Factory Clearing Sale at half prices

EARN A CYCLE taking orders from sample machine furnished by us. Large profits easily made. **Ten Days Free** Trial (no return over cycle. Money in full refunded without question if not satisfactory. Write at once for free and complete catalogue and our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPOT, 359 M.

91, Paradise St., Liverpool, and 19, Charing Cross Road, London.



IMPROVED Knitted Corsets

SUPPORT WITHOUT PRESSURE. GOOD UNSHIRINKABLE Sanitary Cotton and Pure Woolen Underthings. Write for Illustrated List Free. ALSO OUR UNBEATABLE "HERCULES" CORSETS IN COTTON. Sample sent free. Mention "Mirror."

KNITTED CORSET & CLOTHING CO.,

118, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

DON'T LOOK OLD!

KEEP YOUR SITUATIONS.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR

HAIR RESTORER.

DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

RESULT

— OF —

MASON'S CRICKET COMPETITION.

Messrs. Newball & Mason, Nottingham, beg to announce that the Prize of One Guinea has been awarded to—

A. HARDING,
225, Junction Road,
Holloway, London.

GOOD! IT'S **MASON'S** EXTRACT OF HERBS.

What the Small Advertisement Does.

These little advertisements tell the truest story of worth. The fact is everywhere recognised. The "Small" advertiser puts out a definite, specific proposition. The replies are just as definite. He can tell how many replies come from each advertisement. He can tell the result of each answer, and thus tell not only the number of replies, but the relative character and buying capacity of the applicants.

If you have anything to sell, or something you want to buy—if you want a house or apartments or domestic help—fill up the form on this page and try a "Small" advertisement.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

ILFORD—£10 down, balance as rent, 10s. per week, will purchase charming modern Villa, 1914 (frontage); par four kitchen, scullery, bath, and three bedrooms; good garden; full particulars and photo sent on application—Apply Builder, 224, Mortlake-rd., Ilford.

MORTGAGES Sale—Four Double Tenement Houses; separate front doors; let, and producing net £82 per annum; close to Tooting Station and tram; roads taken over; mortgage £250 each; will take £50 cash or offer per house—J. Donald, 226, Penton-place, Kennington.

NO MORE RENT—The "Provident" Policy assures your life and helps you to buy your house; an interesting pamphlet (sent post free) describes the method—Write for it to Dept. M., Box 574, 72, Bishopsgate-st. Without, E.C.

£30 cash; freehold Bungalow; 3 acres; most productive land; main road; near rail; charming district; balance 26s. 8d. monthly; no law costs—Homesteads (O. Ltd., 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.).

BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

FOR SALE—Small Hotel's business; greenhouses, stock, etc.; rent £25—Apply 45, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.

GENUINE Confectionery, Tob., and News with good round; takings £11 to £12 weekly; rent low; price, all at £125; no agents—170, Richmond-rd., Hford, Essex.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

LLANDUDNO Boarding Establishment; near pier; moderate terms—Williams, The Llandudno, Church Walk.

NON-TREAD OVER BOOT

Co., Ltd.
Registered No. 194,392.

Joint Sunk for Ball of Big Toe, giving immediate comfort from the first moment of wearing.

THE J. L. TANNAR

Non-Tread Over Boot.

THE LEADING BOOT OF THE TIMES.

On the grandest variety of Up-to-date Models in the World.

Lasting as long again as the old style.

Many lines fitted with the

GREAT MONEY-SAVER.

THE EVERLASTING HEEL
(Patent No. 22019).

Sample Pair, whole, golosh, Genuine Welded, box-cliff, Lace or Button in any leather, Summer or Winter Substrate, 12s. 6d. With or without the everlasting heel. Send size required or old boot.

YOU STAND NO RISK.

We will promptly return your money if these boots are not 25 per cent. better than any others on the market, and will willingly pay carriage back if they do not meet with your full approval.

12/6

THE EVERLASTING HEEL.

Invaluable for Ladies' Louis Heels. Sent Carriage Paid on receipt of 1/- Men's Sizes, 1/5 per pair.

NO MORE REPAIRING EVER NEEDED.

HEAD DEPOT: 33-37, SOUTH ARCADE, FINSBURY PAVEMENT.

BRANCHES:—47 to 49, Old Broad Street, E.C.; 72, Fleet Street, E.C.; 21, London Street, E.C.; 34, Eastcheap, E.C.; 26, Eldon Street, E.C.; 195, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 284, High Holborn, W.C.; 7, Green Street, W.; 111, Victoria Street, S.W.; 1, Tower Chambers, London Wall, E.C.

Factories: London and Northampton.

"DAILY MIRROR" SMALL ADVERTISEMENT FORM.

Small Advertisements written on this Form will be accepted at the Offices of the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C. (one minute from Fleet Street), for insertion in the *Daily Mirror*, at the rate of 12 words 1/8 (minimum), 1/4d. per word afterwards, except Situations Wanted, the rate for which is 1/- for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. (Name and Address must be paid for.)

If sent by post the Order Form must be accompanied by postal orders (not stamps) crossed Courts and Co.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	-----

PLASMON
DELICIOUS
NUTRITIOUS
CUSTARD
POWDER

Requires only half the usual quantity of milk to make a perfect custard without eggs.

In 3 Flavours, all Grocers and Stores, 6d.

DENTISTRY.

TEETH—A complete set £1; single teeth 2s. 6d. each; sets complete in four hours if required; American Crowns and Bridge work, extractions, 1s.; painless, with gas. 5s. 6d.—The People's Teeth Association, 138, Strand, London, W.C.

TEETH Free—The Benevolent Dental Society of Great Britain, founded to supply Artificial Teeth free to the Necessitous Poor, those of Small Means, and Servants; Order letters are given to Private Dentists for Free Teeth, applications by return of Office, 7, Whitefriars-st., E.C. Edwin Drew, Sec., Editor "Amusements," which details.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Chicken-Hatching Marvel—For 2s. 6d. the Texas Egg Hatcher and Reeler combined supplies all incubators, hatches above and rears little ones below simultaneously all the year round; a money-making home industry requiring neither capital nor labour; turns 1d. eggs into valuable chickens or ducklings; millions selling in America; 15-egg size, 2s. 6d.; 30, 5s.; complete for use—Address, American Patent Hatching Machine Co., 129, 7, Abchurch-lane, Stoke Newington, London, N. Illustrated list 1d. stamp.

ALL Ailments Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Premature Decay, Lost Vitality, Mr. George Eminent Herbal Specialist, will send full particulars stamped envelope—Herbal Medicine Supply 212, High-st., Gateshead. Inexpensive Guaranteed Cures.

BATES' Hair Soap, specially prepared; cleanses and strengthens; prevents hair falling out; 7 stamps—Bates, 29, Brook-st., Manchester.

CORNS banished; painless; easily applied; only 7d.—Needham's, 297, Edgware-rd., London, W.

DEAFNESS and Noise in Head absolutely cured—Free from A. Clifton, 35, Waterloo-rd., London, S.E.

DOCTOR Markewyn's Complexion Tablets—Shilling packages; guaranteed skin revivifiers—Russell Company, Tottenham.

DRUNKENNESS is Curable, speedily, permanently, at trifling cost, as grateful thousands testify; can be given secretly unknown to sufferers; save those dear to you; you can with certainty; particulars and sample, 1d. stamp—Carlton Chemical Co., 49, Guildhall-lane, Birmingham.

EOZEMA and all Skin Diseases absolutely Cured with "Kun-Kun" Massage; post, 1s. 2d.—Kun-Kun, 15, Endeavour-st., Hull.

FAMILIES Removing—Dell's Pantechnion, Orville-rd., Battersea, London, S.W. 1899. Free estimates.

INDIGESTION—Sufferers should take the celebrated remedy Zinzol without delay; cures at once and permanently; send stamp for free sample, 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle from Zinzol Manufacturing Co. (Dept. St. Hall).

NEURALGIA, Headache, and Toothache instantly cured perfectly harmless; only 7d.—Austin, 48, Willsden-pd., Warrington.

NURSE Powell's Popular Pills, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box—Taylor's Stores, or post free from Nurse T. Powell Remedy Co., 2, Rappinham-rd., Wandsworth. Sample box free for penny stamp.

SCOTCH and Aberdeen Corriers, pure bred, 3 guineas; pups, 1 guinea—Major Richardson, Carronville, Scotland.

VARIOUS Vans—Thorned elastic Stockings, 2s. 6d. each, post free; self-measurement form free—Northampton Rubber Co., Newland-st., Kettering.

WEAK Men suffering from Nervous Debility, or any complaint connected with the nervous system, should send full particulars; it will cost you nothing—Address W. H. Brown, Esq., 47, Chesham-st., Brighton, Sussex. Name this paper.

HACKNEY
Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Great Bargains for Furnishing.

Secure our GREAT GUIDE to Home Comforts, post free.

BUY NOW. We will store purchases six months FREE.

The 'MODEL' SYSTEM. NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

Worth.	Per month.
210.....	0 8 0
230.....	0 11 0
250.....	0 17 0
270.....	1 5 0
290.....	1 8 0
310.....	2 5 0
330.....	4 10 0
3500.....	11 5 0

and pro rata.

All Goods Packed, Carriage Paid, and Delivered to Your Door Free.

NOTE THE ADDRESS BELOW. Hours 9 till 4. Thursdays close 4. Telegrams, Furnamentals, London; Telephone, 84 Dalston, and 854 North.

TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO., Ltd., at 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.—Monday, August 14, 1905.